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ENGLISH POEMS



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TORONTO

English Poems

II

*SELECTED, ARRANGED & ANNOTATED FOR THE
USE OF SCHOOLS BY*

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PREFACE.

THE arrangement of the following poems is based upon the belief that poetry appeals to, exercises, and strengthens the best feelings of the human heart. Indeed, poetry may be defined as the fit expression of fit emotion. This does not preclude its being intensely intellectual, as the noblest emotion follows on and is a result of the profoundest thought, and there is no right emotion that does not arise from a truthful view of things. To be a poet a man must see clearly, as well as feel deeply; and be able to express his feelings in such a way that kindred emotions rise in the hearts of others. Imagination—as distinguished from fancy—is an essential characteristic of poetry, and imagination, after all, is nothing but an insight into the truth—which no man knows fully, yet some know far less imperfectly than others. If this view is correct, science is not, as is maintained with painful frequency, inimical to poetry, but essential to its existence; the former, with its logical method, supplying the knowledge of truth, without which there can be neither poetry nor anything else that is excellent among men. In education they are complementary to each other, the one training the reasoning side and the other the emotional side of our nature. A man should not only learn all of the truth

that he can, but feel its beauty ; whilst, on the other hand, feeling based on ignorance is either feeble or dangerous. The Notes are as brief and simple as I could make them. No attempt has been made to supply philological or critical information, but their aim is merely to render the text readily intelligible to young people. Most young readers are discouraged somewhat easily--and very naturally, as it seems to me--by the difficulties of English poetry, and I cannot say that in my opinion the best way to make them appreciate it is to leave them alone with the poets. The poets are in the end "their own best interpreters," but they are foreigners in the view of most young people and often frighten them away. A careful rendering of some of their phrases into the language of ordinary thought may reveal just enough of the incalculable beauties of their minds to attract for life those who might otherwise have maligned and reviled them. Some half dozen poems have been included which contain a few lines of a difficulty above the standard proposed for this collection, though otherwise, in my opinion, suitable. In such cases I have put notes at the foot of the page, where reference to them may be readily made. The rest of the notes have been placed at the end of the book. After preparing a poem with their aid a class, I think, should be able to show, in response to questions, a real grasp of its meaning.

I am especially indebted to the anthologies of Messrs. F. T. Palgrave, C. M. Vaughan, 'Mowbray Morris, and G. Cookson, all published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., and to those of Canon H. C. Beeching, published by Messrs. Rivington, Percival & Co., of Mr. W. E. Henley, published by Mr. David Nutt and by Messrs. Methuen & Co., and of Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch, published by the

Clarendon Press. Without the advantage of reference to these the labour of making the following Selections would have been incalculably increased. My thanks are also due and are here gratefully tendered to Mr. George Meredith, who allows me to include "The Young Usurper" (52), and to Sir Rennell Rodd, K.C.M.G., for permission to use "The Skylarks" (66); also to Messrs. Macmillan & Co., who have kindly permitted me to include much copyright matter which they control.

J. G. JENNINGS.

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SECTION I.

HOME, AND FRIENDSHIP.

2

51.

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN.

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a thrush that sings loud—it has sung for three
years ;

Poor Susan has passed by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird. •

'Tis a note of enchantment : what ails her ? She sees 5
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees ;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripped with her pail ; 10
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling 'on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven : but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade ;
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise, 15
And the colours have all pass'd away from her eyes !

WORDSWORTH.

52.

THE YOUNG USURPER.

ON my darling's bosom
 Has dropped a living rosebud,
 Fair as brilliant Hesper
 Against the brimming flood.
 She handles him, 5
 She dandles him,
 She fondles him and eyes him :
 And if upon a tear he wakes,
 With many a kiss she dries him :
 She covets every move he makes, 10
 And never enough can prize him.
 Ah, the young Usurper !
 I yield my golden throne :
 Such angel bands attend his hands
 To claim it for his own. 15

GEORGE MEREDITH.

53.

WE ARE SEVEN.

 A SIMPLE child,
 That lightly draws its breath,
 And feels its life in every limb,
 What should it know of death ?

 I met a little cottage girl : 5
 She was eight years old, she said ;
 Her hair was thick with many a curl
 That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
 And she was wildly clad ; 10
 Her eyes were fair, and very fair,
 —Her beauty made me glad.

“ Sisters and brothers, little maid
 How many may you be ? ”
 “ How many ? Seven in all,” she said, 15
 And wondering looked at me.

“ And where are they ? I pray you tell.”
 She answered, “ Seven are we ;
 And two of us at Conway dwell,
 And two are gone to sea.

“ Two of us in the churchyard lie,
 My sister and my brother ;
 And, in the churchyard cottage, 1
 Dwell near them with my mother.”

“ You say that two at Conway dwell, 25
 And two are gone to sea ;
 Yet ye are seven ! I pray you tell,
 Sweet maid, how this may be ? ”

Then did the little maid reply,
 “ Seven boys and girls are we ; 30
 Two of us in the churchyard lie,
 Beneath the churchyard tree.”

“ You run about, my little maid,
 Your limbs they are alive ;
 If two are in the churchyard laid, 35
 Then ye are only five.”

“ Their graves are green, they may be seen,”
 The little maid replied ;
 “ Twelve steps or more from my mother’s door,
 And they are side by side. 40

“ My stockings there I often knit,
 My kerchief there I hem ;
 And there upon the ground I sit,
 And sing a song to them.

“ And often after sunset, sir, 45
 When it is light and fair,
 I take my little porringer,
 And eat my supper there.

“ The first that died was sister Jane ;
 In bed she moaning lay, 50
 Till God released her of her pain,
 And then she went away.

“ So in the churchyard she was laid ;
 And, when the grass was dry,
 Together round her grave we played, 55
 My brother Jphn and I.

“ And when the ground was white with snow,
 And I could run and slide,
 My brother John was forced to go,
 And he lies by her side.” 60

“ How many are you, then,” said I,
 “ If they two are in heaven ?”
 Quick was the little maid’s reply,
 “ Oh, master ! we are seven.”

“ But they are dead ; those two are dead ! 65
 Their spirits are in heaven ! ”
 ’Twas throwing words away ; for still
 The little maid would have her will,
 And said, “ Nay, we are seven ! ”

WORDSWORTH.

54.

HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD.

HOME they brought her warrior dead :
 She nor swooned, nor uttered cry :
 All her maidens, watching, said,
 “ She must weep or she will die.”
 Then they praised him, soft and low, 5
 Called him worthy to be loved,
 Truest friend and noblest foe ;
 Yet she neither spoke nor moved.
 Stole a maiden from her place,
 Lightly to the warrior stept, 10
 Took the face-cloth from the face ;
 Yet she neither moved nor wept.
 Rose a nurse of ninety years,
 Set his child upon her knee—
 Like summer tempest came her tears— 15
 “ Sweet my child, I live for thee ”

TENNYSON.

55.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

’Tis the last rose of summer
 Left blooming alone ;
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone ;

No flower of her kindred, 5
 No rosebud is nigh,
 To reflect back her blushes,
 To give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
 To pine on the stem ; 10
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go sleep thou with them.
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden 15
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may *I* follow
 When friendships decay ;
 And from Love's shining circle
 The gems drop away. 20
 When true hearts lie withered,
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh ! who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone ?

T. MOORE.

SECTION II.

BEASTS, AND BIRDS.

56.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
I galloped, Direk galloped, we galloped all three ;
“ Good speed ! ’ cried the watch, as the gate-bolts unrew ,
“ Speed ! ” echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest, 5
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place ;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup and set the pique right, 10
Rebuckled the cheek strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

’Twas moonset at starting ; but while we drew near
Lokerén the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear ;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ; 15
At Düffeld, ’twas morning as plain as could be ;

And from Mecheln church-steeple, we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with "Yét there is time!"

At Aerschot, up-leaped of a sudden the sun
And against him the cattle stood black every one, 20
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river-headland its spray ;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ; 26
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance !
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on. 30

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris, "Stay spur !
Your Roos gall'd bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw her stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank, 35
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky ;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh, 39
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff :
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight !

"How they'll greet us !" and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone ;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight 45
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,

With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all, 50
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer ;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped, and stood.

And all I remember is friends flocking round, 55
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news
Ghent.

BROWNING

57.

THE KITTEN AND FALLING LEAVES.

THAT way look, my Infant, lo !
What a pretty baby-show !
See the kitten on the wall,
Sporting with the leaves that fall,
Wither'd leaves-- one--two--and three— 5
From the lofty elder-tree !
Through the calm and frosty air
Of this morning bright and fair,
Eddying round and round they sink
Softly, slowly : one might think, 10
From the motions that are made,
Every little leaf convey'd

Sylph or Faery hither tending,—
 To this lower world descending,
 Each invisible and mute, 15
 In his wavering parachute.
 —But the kitten, how she starts,
 Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts !
 First at one, and then its fellow
 Just as light and just as yellow : 20
 There are many now—now one—
 Now they stop, and there are none.
 What intenseness of desire
 In her upward eye of fire !
 With a tiger-leap half way 25
 Now she meets the coming prey,
 Lets it go as fast, and then
 Has it in her power again :
 Now she works with three or four,
 Like an Indian conjuror ; 30
 Quick as he in feats of art,
 Far beyond in joy of heart.
 Were her antics play'd in the eye
 Of a thousand standers-by,
 Clapping hands with shout and stare, 35
 What would little Tabby care
 For the plaudits of the crowd ?
 Over happy to be proud,
 Over wealthy in the treasure
 Of her own exceeding pleasure. 40
 'Tis a pretty baby-treat ;
 Nor, I deem, for me unmeet.
 Here for neither Babe nor me
 Other playmate can I see
 Of the countless living things, 45

That with stir o' feet and wings
 (In the sun or under shade,
 Upon bough or grassy blade)
 And with busy revellings,
 Chirp and song, and murmurings, 50
 Made this orchard's narrow space
 And this vale so blithe a place ;—
 Multitudes are swept away
 Never more to breathe the day :
 Some are sleeping ; some in bands 55
 Travell'd into distant lands ;
 Others slunk to moor and wood,
 Far from human neighbourhood ;
 And, among the kinds that keep
 With us closer fellowship, 60
 With us openly abide,
 All have laid their mirth aside.
 Where is he, that giddy sprite,
 Blue-cap, with his colours bright,
 Who was blest as bird could be, 65
 Feeding in the apple-tree ;
 Made such wanton spoil and rout,
 Turning blossoms inside out ;
 Hung—head pointing towards the ground—
 Flutter'd, perch'd, into a round 70
 Bound himself, and then unbound ;
 Lithest, gaudiest harlequin !
 Prettiest tumbler ever seen !
 Light of heart and light of limb ;
 What is now become of him ? 75
 Lambs, that through the mountains went
 Frisking, bleating merriment,
 When the year was in its prime,

They are sober'd by ^{the} time.
 If you look to vale or hill, 80
 If you listen, all is still,
 Save a little neighbouring rill,
 That from out the rocky ground
 Strikes a solitary sound.
 Vainly glitter hill and plain, 85
 And the air is calm in vain ;
 Vainly Morning spreads the lure
 Of a sky serene and pure ;
 Creature none can she decoy
 Into open sign of joy : 90
 Is it that they have a fear
 Of the dreary season near ?
 Or that other pleasures be
 Sweeter e'en than gaiety ?
 Yet, whate'er enjoyments dwell 95
 In the impenetrable cell
 Of the silent heart which Nature
 Furnishes to every creature ;
 Whatsoe'er we feel and know
 Too sedate for outward show,— 100
 Such a light of gladness breaks,
 Pretty Kitten ! from thy freaks,—
 Spreads with such a living grace
 O'er my little Laura's face ;
 Yes, the sight so stirs and charms 105
 Thee, Baby, laughing in my arms,

Lines 55-100 : Though, perhaps, there are some joys in the hearts of creatures too sweet to be expressed by noisy gaiety, as we men feel some joys too deep and solemn for us to express them to others.
More briefly : Though outward gladness may not be the greatest gladness.

That almost I could repine
 That your transports are not mine,
 That I do not wholly fare
 Even as ye do, thoughtless pair ! — 110
 And I will have my careless season,
 Spite of melancholy reason ;
 Will walk through life in such a way
 That, when time brings on decay,
 Now and then I may possess 115
 Hours of perfect gladness.
 —Pleased by any random toy ;
 By a kitten's busy joy,
 Or an infant's laughing eye
 Sharing in the ecstasy ; 120
 I would fare like that or this ;
 Find my wisdom in my bliss ;
 Keep the sprightly soul awake ;
 And have faculties to take,
 Even from things by sorrow wrought, 125
 Matter for a jocund thought ;
 Spite of care, and spite of grief,
 To gambol with Life's falling leaf.

WORDSWORTH.

58.

TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITHE new-comer ! I have heard
 I hear thee, and rejoice :
 O cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,
 Or but a wandering voice ?

- While I am lying on the grass, 5
Thy twofold shout I hear ;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near.
- Though babbling only to the vale
Of sunshine and of flowers, 10
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.
- Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing, 15
A voice, a mystery ;
- The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to ; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush, and tree, and sky. 20
- To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ;
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
Still long'd-for, never seen !
- And I can listen to thee yet ; 25
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.
- O blessèd bird ! the earth we pace
Again appears to be 30
An unsubstantial, faery place,
That is fit home for thee.

59.

TO A SKYLARK.

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !
 —Blest thou never wert,—
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art. 5

Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire ;
 The deep blue thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest. 10

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are brightning,
 Thou dost float and run,
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun. 15

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight ;
 Like a star of heaven,
 In the broad daylight
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,— 20

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is here : 25

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd. 30
 What thou art we know not ;
 What is most like thee ?—
 From rainbow-clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright so see
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody : 35
 Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not : 40
 Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower : 45
 Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbeholden
 Its ærial hue
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view :
 Like a rose embower'd 51
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflower'd,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wing'd thieves:

Lines 53-55 : Giving forth its scent to the summer breezes, which faintly stir, filled with excess of fragrance.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,

156

Rain-awaken'd flowers,

All that ever was

Joyous, and clear, and fresh—thy music doth surpass. 60

Teach us, sprite or bird,

What sweet thoughts are thine :

I have never heard

Praise of love or wine

That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine. 65

Chorus hymeneal

Or triumphal chaunt

Match'd with thine would be all

But an empty vaunt:—

A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want. 70

What objects are the fountains

Of thy happy strain ?

What fields, or waves, or mountains ?

What shapes of sky or plain ?

What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ? 75

With thy clear keen joyance

Languor cannot be :•

Shadow of annoyance

Never came near thee :

Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety. 80

Waking or asleep

Thou of death must deem

Things more true and deep

Than we mortals dream,

Or how could thy notes flow in such crystal stream ? 85

We look before and after,
 And pine for what is not :
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught ;
 Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought . 90

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear ;
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear—
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near. 95

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground ! 100

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then, as I am listening now ! 105

SHELLEY.

60.

O NIGHTINGALE ! thou surely art
 A creature of a fiery heart :
 These notes of thine—they pierce and pierce ;
 Tumultuous harmony and fierce !
 Thou sing'st as if the god of wine 5
 Had help'd thee to a valentine ;

Lines 5-6 : You sing without sobriety, as though your passion were too violent to last.

A song in mockery and despite
Of shades, and dews, and silent night,
And steady bliss, and all the loves
Now sleeping in these peaceful groves 10

I heard a stock-dove sing or say
His homely tale, this very day ;
His voice was buried among trees,
Yet to be come at by the breeze ;
He did not cease, but coo'd—and coo'd ; 15
And somewhat pensively he woo'd :
He sang of love with quiet blending,
Slow to begin, and never ending ;
Of serious faith and inward glee ;
That was the song—the song for me ! 20

WORDSWORTH.

SECTION III.

THE BEAUTY OF NATURE.

61.

INSCRIPTION FOR A FOUNTAIN ON A HEATH.

THIS sycamore, oft musical with bees,—
Such tents the Patriarchs loved ! O long unharmed
May all its aged boughs o'ercanopy
The small round basin, which this jutting stone
Keeps pure from falling leaves ! Long may the spring 5
Quietly as a sleeping infant's breath
Send up cold waters to the traveller
With soft and even pulse ! Nor ever cease
Yon tiny cone of sand its soundless dance,
Which at the bottom like a fairy's page, 10
As merry and no taller, dances still,
Nor wrinkles the smooth surface of the fount.
Here twilight is and coolness : here is moss,
A soft seat, and a deep and ample shade.
Thou may'st toil far and find no second tree. 15
Drink, pilgrim, here ; here rest ! and if thy heart
Be innocent, here too shalt thou refresh
Thy spirit, listening to some gentle sound,
Or passing gale or hum of murmuring bees

COLERIDGE.

62.

SWEET is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
 With charm of earliest birds : pleasant the sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
 Glistening with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth 5
 After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful Evening mild ; then silent Night,
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of Heaven, her starry train :
 But neither breath of Morn, when she ascends 10
 With charm of earliest birds ; nor rising sun
 On this delightful land ; nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Glistening with dew ; nor fragrance after showers ;
 Nor grateful Evening mild ; nor silent Night,
 With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
 Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.

MILTON.

63.

THE TIDE RIVER.

CLEAR and cool, clear and cool,
 By laughing shallow, and dreaming pool ;
 Cool and clear, cool and clear,
 By shining shingle, and foaming wear ;
 Under the crag where the ouzel sings, 5
 And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings ;
 Undeiled, for the undeiled ;
 Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child

Dank and foul, dank and foul,
 By the smoky town in its murky cowl ; 10
 Foul and dank, foul and dank,
 By wharf and sewer and slimy bank ;
 Darker and darker the farther I go,
 Baser and baser the richer I grow ;
 Who dare sport with the sin-defiled ? 15
 Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.

Strong and free, strong and free—
 The floodgates are open ; away to the sea !
 Free and strong, free and strong,
 Cleansing my streams as I hurry along 20
 To the golden sands, and the leaping bar,
 And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,
 As I lose myself in the infinite main,
 Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again ;
 Undefiled, for the undefiled ; 25
 Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

C. KINGSLEY.

64.

UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

EARTH has not anything to show more fair :
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 "A sight so touching in its majesty :
 This City now doth like a garment wear
 The beauty of the morning : silent, bare, 5
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky,—
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill ; 10
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
 The river glideth at his own sweet will
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

WORDSWORTH.

65.

TWILIGHT.

THE twilight is sad and cloudy,
 The wind blows wild and free,
 And like the wings of sea-birds
 Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage 5
 There shines a ruddier light,
 And a little face at the window
 Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,
 As if those childish eyes 10
 Were looking into the darkness,
 To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
 Is passing to and fro,
 Now rising to the ceiling, 15
 Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,
 And the night-wind, bleak and wild,
 As they beat at the crazy casement,
 Tell to that little child ? 20

And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the mother,
Drive the colour from her cheek ?

LONGFELLOW.

SECTION IV.

TENDERNESS FOR THE WEAK AND THE SORROWFUL, AND THE SENSE OF HUMAN FELLOWSHIP.

66.

THE SKYLARKS.

(In an East-End Bird Market.)

Oh, the sky, the sky, the open sky,
For the home of a song-bird's heart !
And why, why, and forever why
Do they stifle here in the mart ?
Cages of agony, rows on rows ; 5
Torture that only a wild thing knows !
Is it nothing to you to see
That head thrust out through the hopeless wire,
And the tiny life, and the mad desire
To be free, to be free, to be free ? 10
Oh, the sky, the sky, the blue, wide sky,
For the beat of a song-bird's wings !
And "why, why," and forever "why ?"
Is the only song it sings.

Great, sad eyes, with a frightened stare, 15
 Look through the wildering darkness there,
 The surge, the crowd, and the cry ;
 Fluttering wild wings beat and bleed,
 And it will not peck at the golden seed,,
 And the water is almost dry ; 20
 And straight and close are the cramping bars,
 From the dawn of mist to the chill of stars,—
 And yet it must sing or die !
 Will its marred, hoarse voice in the city street
 Make any heart of you glad ? 25
 It will only beat with its wings, and beat,
 It will only sing you mad.
 Better to lie like this one dead,
 Ruffled plumage on breast and head,
 Poor little feathers for ever furled, 30
 And only a song gone out of the world !
 Where the grasses wave like an emerald sea,
 And the poppies nod in the corn,
 Where the fields are wide and the wind blows free,
 This joy of the spring was born, 35
 Whose passionate music loud and loud,
 In the hush and the rose of morn,
 Was a voice that fell from the sailing cloud
 Midway to the blue above,—
 A thing whose meaning was joy and love, 40
 Whose life was one exquisite outpouring
 Of a sweet, surpassing note ;—
 And all you have done is to break its wing,
 And to blast God's breath in its throat !
 If it does not go to your hearts to see 45
 The helpless pity of those bruised wings,

The tireless effort with which it clings
 To the strain and the will to be free,
 I know not how I shall set in words
 The meaning of God in this ; 50
 For the loveliest thing in this world of His
 Are the ways and the songs of birds !
 And the sky, the sky, the wide, free sky,
 For the home of the song-bird's heart !
 And why, why, and forever why 55
 Do they stifle here in the mart ?

SIR RENNELL RODD.

67.

THE CASTAWAY.

OBSCUREST night involved the sky,
 The Atlantic billows roared,
 When such a destined wretch as I,
 Washed headlong from on board.
 Of friends, of hope, of all bereft, 5
 His floating home for ever left.
 No braver chief could Albion boast
 Than he with whom he went,
 Nor ever ship left Albion's coast
 With warmer wishes sent 10
 He loved them both, but both in vain ;
 Nor him beheld nor her again.
 Not long beneath the whelming brine,
 Expert to swim, he lay ;
 Nor soon he felt his strength decline. 15
 Or courage die away ;
 But waged with death a lasting strife,
 Supported by despair of life.

He shouted : nor his friends had fail'd
 To check the vessel's course, 20
 But so the furious blast prevail'd
 That, pitiless perforce,
 They left their outcast mate behind,
 And scudded still before the wind.

Some succour yet they could afford; 25
 And, such as storms allow,
 The cask, the coop, the floated cord,
 Delay'd not to bestow.
 But he (they knew) nor ship nor shore,
 Whate'er they gave, should visit' more. 30

Nor, cruel as it seem'd, could he
 Their haste himself condemn,
 Aware that flight, in such a sea,
 Alone could rescue them ;
 Yet bitter felt it still to die 35
 Deserted, and his friends so nigh.

He long survives, who lives an hour
 In ocean, self-upheld ;
 And so long he, with unspent power,
 His destiny repell'd ; 40
 And ever, as the minutes flew,
 Entreated help, or cried "Adieu!"

At length, his transient respite past,
 His comrades, who before
 Had heard his voice in every blast, 45
 Could catch the sound no more ;
 For then, by toil subdued, he drank
 The stifling wave, and then he sank.

No poet wept him ; but the page
 Of narrative sincere, 50
 That tells his name, his worth, his age,
 Is wet with Anson's tear :
 And tears by bards or heroes shed
 Alike immortalize the dead.

I therefore purpose not, or dream, 55
 Descanting on his fate,
 To give the melancholy theme
 A more enduring date ;
 But misery still delights to trace
 Its semblance in another's case. 60

No voice divine the storm allay'd,
 No light propitious shone,
 When, snatch'd from all effectual aid,
 We perish'd, each alone :
 But I beneath a rougher sea, 65
 And whelm'd in deeper gulfs than he

W. COWPER.

68.

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

WHAT was he doing, the great god Pan
 Down in the reeds by the river ?
 Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
 Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
 And breaking the golden lilies afloat 5
 With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
 From the deep cool bed of the river :
 The limpid water turbidly ran,
 And the broken lilies a-dying lay, 10
 And the dragon-fly had fled away,
 Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan,
 While turbidly flowed the river ;
 And hacked and hewed as a great god can, 15
 With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
 Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
 To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,
 (How tall it stood in the river !)
 Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
 Steadily from the outside ring,
 And noticed the poor dry empty thing
 In holes, as he sat by the river.

"This is the way," laughed the great god Pan, 25
 (Laughed while he sat by the river,)
 "The only way, since gods began
 To make sweet music, they could succeed."
 Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
 He blew in power by the river. 30

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan !
 Piercing sweet by the river !
 Blinding sweet, O great god Pan !
 The sun on the hill forgot to die,
 And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly 35
 Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
 To laugh as he 'sits by the river,
 Making a poet out of a man :
 The true gods sigh for the cost and pair— 40
 For the reed which grows nevermore again
 As a reed with the reeds in the river.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

69.

A POET'S EPITAPH.

STON', mortal ! Here thy brother lies,
 The Poet of the Poor ;
 His books were rivers, woods and skies,
 The meadow and the moor ;
 His teachers were the torn heart's wail, 5
 The tyrant and the slave,
 The street, the factory, the jail,
 The palace—and the grave !
 The meanest thing, earth's feeblest worm
 He feared to scorn or hate ; 10
 And honour'd in a peasant's form
 The equal of the great.
 But if he lov'd the rich who make
 The poor man's little more,
 Ill could he praise the rich who take 15
 From plunder'd labour's store.
 A hand to do, a head to plan,
 A heart to feel and dare—
 Tell man's worst foes, here lies the man
 Who drew them as they are. 20

EBENEZER ELLIOT.

70.

WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

I HEARD a thousand blended notes
 While in a grove I sat reclined,
 In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
 Bring sad thoughts to the mind,

To her fair works did Nature link 5
 The human soul that through me ran ;
 And much it grieved my heart to think
 What Man has made of Man.

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet' bower,
 The periwinkle trail'd its wreaths ; 10
 And 'tis my faith that every flower
 Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopp'd and play'd
 Their thoughts I cannot measure—
 But the least motion which they made 15
 It seem'd a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan
 To catch the breezy air ;
 And I must think, do all I can,
 That there was pleasure there. 20

If this belief from Heaven be sent,
 If such be Nature's holy plan,
 Have I not reason to lament
 What Man has made of Man ?

WORDSWORTH.

Lines 3-4 : Enjoying happy thoughts mingled with solemn ones.

Lines 5-6 : I loved and envied the innocent life of flowers and birds and trees. .

SECTION V.

ADVENTURE, ROMANCE, AND WONDER.

71.

THE SKELETON IN ARMOUR.

“SPEAK, speak, thou fearful guest,
Who, with thy hollow breast
Still in rude armour drest,
Comest to daunt me !
Wrapt not in Eastern balms, 5
But with thy fleshless palms
Stretched, as if asking alms, ●
Why dost thou haunt me ?”

Then, from those cavernous eyes
Pale flashes seemed to rise, 10
As when the Northern skies
Gleam in December ;
And, like the water’s flow
Under December’s snow,
Came a dull voice of woe 15
From the heart’s chamber.

- “I was a Viking old !
My deeds, though manifold,
No Skald in song has told,
 No Saga taught thee ! 20
Take heed, that in thy verse
Thou dost the tale rehearse,
Else dread a dead man’s curse !
 For this I sought thee.
- “Far in the Northern land 25
By the wild Baltic’s strand,
I, with my childish hand,
 Tamed the ger-falcon ;
And, with my skates fast bound
Skimmed the half frozen Sound, 30
That the poor whimpering hound
Trembled to walk on.
- “Oft to his frozen lair
Tracked I the grisly bear,
While from my path the hare 35
 Fled like a shadow ;
Oft through the forest dark
Followed the were-wolf’s bark,
Until the soaring lark
 Sang from the meadow. 40
- “But when I older grew,
Joining a corsair’s crew,
O’er the dark sea I flew
 With the marauders.
Wild was the life we led ; 45
Many the souls that sped,
Many the hearts that bled,
 By our stern orders.

- “Many a wassail-bout
Wore the long ‘winter out ;
Often our midnight shout
 Set the cocks crowing,
As we the Berserk’s tale
Measured in cups of ale,
Draining the oaken pail,
 Filled to o’erflowing. 55
- “Once as I told in glee
Tales of the stormy sea,
Soft eyes did gaze on me,
 Burning yet tender ; 60
And as the white stars shine
On the dark Norway pine,
On that dark heart of mine
 Fell their soft splendour.
- “I wooed the blue-eyed maid,
Yielding yet half afraid,
And in the forest’s shade
 Our vows were plighted.
Under its loosened vest
Fluttered her little breast, 70
Like birds within their nest,
 By the hawk frightened.
- “Bright in her father’s hall
Shields gleamed upon the wall,
Loud sang the minstrels all, 75
 Chanting his glory ;
When of old Hildebrand
I asked his daughter’s hand,
Mute did the minstrels stand
 To hear my story. 80

- “ While the brown ale he quaffed
Loud then the champion laughed,
And as the wind gusts waft
 The sea-foam brightly,
So the loud laugh of scorn, 85
Out of those lips-unshorn,
From the deep drinking-horn
 Blew the foam lightly.
- “ She was a Prince’s child,
I but a Viking wild, 90
And though she blushed and smiled,
 I was discarded !
Should not the dove so white
Follow the sea-mew’s flight ?
Why did they leave that night 95
 Her nest unguarded ?
- “ Scarce had I put to sea,
bearing the maid with me,—
Fairest of all was she
 Among the Norsemen ! — 100
When on the white sea-strand,
Waving his armed hand,
Saw we old Hildebrand,
 With twenty horsemen.
- “ Then launched they to the blast ; 105
Bent like a reed each mast,
Yet we were gaining fast,
 When the wind failed us,
And with a sudden flaw
Came round the gusty Skaw, 110
So that our foe we saw
 Laugh as he hailed us.

- “ And as to catch the gale,
 Round veered the flapping sail,
 ‘ Death ! ’ was the helmsman’s hail, 115
 ‘ Death without quarter ! ’
 Mid-ships with iron keel
 Struck we her ribs of steel ;
 Down her black hulk did reel
 Through the black water ! 120
- “ As with his wings aslant
 Sails the fierce cormorant,
 Seeking some rocky haunt,
 With his prey laden ;
 So towards the open main, 125
 Beating to sea again,
 Through the wild hurricane
 Bore I the maiden.
- “ Three weeks we westward bore,
 And when the storm was o’er, 130
 Cloud-like we saw the shore
 Stretching to leeward ;
 There for my lady’s bower
 Built I the lofty tower,
 Which, to this very hour, 135
 Stands looking seaward.
- “ There lived we many years ;
 Time dried the maiden’s tears ;
 She had forgot her fears,
 She was a mother. 140
 Death closed her mild blue eyes ;
 Under that tower she lies ;
 Ne’er shall the sun arise
 On such another ! ’

- “Still grew my bosom then,
 Still as a stagnant fen !
 Hateful to me were men,
 The sunlight hateful !
 In the vast forest here,
 Clad in my warlike gear,
 Fell I upon the spear ;
 Oh, death was grateful !
 “Thus, seamed with many scars,
 Bursting these prison-bars,
 Up to its native stars
 My soul ascended !
 There from the flowing bowl
 Deep drinks the warrior’s soul :
Skoal, to the Northland, Skoal !”
 —Thus the tale ended.
LONGFELLOW.

72.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI.

- “O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
 Alone and palely loitering ?
 The sedge has wither’d from the lake,
 And no birds sing.
 ‘O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms !
 So haggard and so woe-begone ?
 The squirrel’s granary is full,
 And the harvest’s done.
 “I see a lily on thy brow
 With anguish moist and fever-dew,
 And on thy cheeks a fading rose
 Fast withereth too.”

- “I met a lady in the meads,
 Full beautiful—a faery’s child ;
 Her hair was long, her foot was light, 15
 And her eyes were wild.
- “I made a garland for her head,
 And bracelets too, and fragrant zone ;
 She look’d at me as she did love,
 And made sweet moan. 20
- “I set her on my pacing steed
 And nothing else saw all day long,
 For sidelong would she bend, and sing
 A faery’s song.
- “She found me roots of relish sweet, 25
 And honey wild and manna dew,
 And sure in language strange she said
 ‘I love thee true.’
- She took me to her elfin grot,
 And there she wept and sigh’d full sore ; 30
 And there I shut her wild wild eyes
 With kisses four.
- “And there she lulled me asleep,
 And there I dream’d—ah ! woe betide !—
 The latest dream I ever dream’d 35
 On the cold hill’s side.
- “I saw pale kings and princes too,
 Pale warriors, death-pale were they all :
 They cried—‘La belle Dame sans Merci
 Hath thee in thrall !’ 40

I saw their starved lips in the gloam
 With horrid warning gapèd wide,
 And I awoke and found me here
 On the cold hill's side.

“And this is why I sojourn here 45
 Alone and palely loitering
 Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
 And no birds sing.”

KEATS.

73.

KUBLA KHAN.

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure-dome decree ;
 Where Alp, the sacred river, ran
 Through caverns measureless to man
 Down to a sunless sea. 5
 So twice five miles of fertile ground
 With walls and towers were girdled round :
 And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
 Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing tree ;
 And here were forests ancient as the hills, 10
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh ! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
 A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted 15
 By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,

As if this earth in fast, thick pants were breathing,
 A mighty fountain momentarily was forced ;
 Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst 20
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail :
 And mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
 It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
 Five miles meandering with a mazy motion 25
 Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
 Then reach'd the caverns measureless to man,
 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean :
 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
 Ancestral voices prophesying war ! 30

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
 Floated midway on the waves ;
 Where was heard the mingled measure
 From the fountain and the caves.
 It was a miracle of rare device, 35
 A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice !
 A damsel with a dulcimer
 In a vision once I saw :
 It was an Abyssinian maid,
 And on her dulcimer she play'd, 40
 Singing of Mount Abora.
 Could I revive within me
 Her symphony and song,
 To such a deep delight 'twould win me
 That with music loud and long 45
 I would build that dome in air,
 That sunny dome ! those caves of ice !
 And all who heard should see them there
 And all should cry, " Beware ! Beware !

His flashing eyes, his floating hair ! 50
 Weave a circle round him thrice,
 And close your eyes with holy dread,
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,
 And drunk the milk of Paradise."

74.

CALLICLES' SONG.

THROUGH the black, rushing smoke-bursts
 Thick breaks the red flame ;
 All Etna heaves fiercely
 Her forest-clothed frame.

Not here, O Apollo ! 5
 Are haunts meet for thee ;
 But, 'where Helicon breaks down
 In cliff to the sea ;

Where the moon-silver'd inlets
 Send far their light voice 10
 Up the still vale of Thisbè,—
 O speed, and rejoice !

On the sward at the cliff-top
 Lie strewn the white flocks,
 On the cliff-side the pigeons 15
 Roost deep in the rocks. "

In the moonlight the shepherds,
 Soft lull'd by the rills,
 Lie wrapt in their blankets
 Asleep on the hills. 20

—What forms are these coming
 So white through the gloom?
 What garments out-glistening
 The gold-flower'd broom?

•

What sweet-breathing presence 25
 Out-perfumes the thyme?
 What voices enrapture
 The night's balmy prime?

'Tis Apollo comes leading 30
 His choir, the Nine.
 —The leader is fairest,
 But all are divine.

They are lost in the hollows!
 They stream up again!
 What seeks on this mountain 35
 The glorified train?—

,

They bathe on this mountain,
 In the spring by their road;
 Then on to Olympus,
 Their endless abode. 40

—Whose praise do they mention?
 Of what is it told?
 What will be for ever;
 What was from of old.

First hymn they the Father 45
 Of all things; and then,
 The rest of immortals,
 The actions of men,

The day in his hotness,
 The strife with the palm, 50
 The night in her silence,
 The stars in their calm.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

75.

HYMN OF PAN.

FROM the forests and highlands
 We come, we come ;
 From the river-girt islands,
 Where loud waves are dumb,
 Listening to my sweet pipings : 5
 The wind in the reeds and the rushes,
 The bees on the bells of thynae,
 The birds on the myrtle bushes,
 The cicale above in the lime,
 And the lizards below in the grass, 10
 Were as silent as ever old Tmolus was,
 Listening to my sweet pipings.

Liquid Penéüs was flowing,
 And all dark Tempè lay
 In Pélion's shadow, outgrowing 15
 The light of the dying day,
 ' ' Speeded by my sweet pipings :
 The Sileni, and Sylvans, and Fauns,
 And the Nymphs of the woods and waves,
 To the edge of the moist river-lawns, 20
 And the brink of the dewy caves,

And all that did then attend and follow,
 Were silent with 'love—as you now, Apollo,
 With envy—of my sweet pipings.

I sang of the dancing stars, 25

I sang of the dædal Earth,
 And of Heaven—and the Giant wars,
 And Love, and Death, and Birth :

And then I changed my pipings—
 Singing how down the vale of Ménalus 30

I pursued a maiden, and clasped a reed :
 Gods and men, we are all deluded thus !

It breaks in our bosom and then we bleed.
 All wæpt, as I think both ye now would
 If envy or age had not frozen your blood, 35
 At the sorrow of my sweet pipings.

SHELLEY

Line 25 : Love turns to pain.

SECTION VI.

COURAGE, AND MANLINESS.

76.

CONDUCTOR BRADLEY.

CONDUCTOR BRADLEY (always may his name
Be said, with reverence !), as the swift doom came,
Smitten to death, a crushed and tangled frame,
Sank with the brake he grasped, just where he stood
To do the utmost that a brave man could, 5
And die, if needful, as a true man should.
Men stooped above him ; women dropped their tears
On that poor wreck beyond all hopes or fears,
Lost in the strength and glory of his years.
What heard they ? Lo ! the ghastly lips of pain, 10
Dead to all thought save duty's, moved again :
“ Put out the signals for the other train ! ”
No nobler utterance since the world began
From lips of saint or martyr ever ran,
Electric, through the sympathies of man. 15

Ah me ! how poor and noteless seem to this
The sick-bed dramas of self-consciousness,
Our sensual fears of pain and hopes of bliss !

Oh, grand supreme endeavour ! Not in vain
That last brave act of failing tongue and brain ! 20
Freighted with life the downward rushing train,

Following the wrecked one as wave follows wave,
Obeyed the warning which the dead lips gave.
Others he saved, himself he could not save.

Nay, the lost life was saved. He is not dead 25
Who in his record still the earth shall tread
With God's clear aureole shining round his head.

We bow as in the dust, with all our pride
Of virtue dwarfed the noble deed beside.
God give us grace to live as Bradley died ! 30

J. G. WHITTIER.

Lines 17-18 : Our petty, self-conscious lives (contrasted with his heroism and self-forgetfulness) ; our timidity, and love of self.

77.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream !
For the soul is dead that slumbers
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real ! Life is earnest ! , 50
And the grave is not its goal ;
" Dust thou art, to dust returnest " 55
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not
 Is our destined end or way ; 10
 But to act, that each to-morrow
 Finds us farther than to-day.
 “ Art is long, and Time is fleeting,”
 And our hearts, though stout and brave,
 Still, like muffled drums, are beating 15
 Funeral marches to the grave.
 In the world’s broad field of battle,
 In the bivouac of life,
 Be not like dumb, driven cattle !
 Be a hero in the strife ! 20
 Trust no Future, howe’er pleasant !
 Let the dead Past bury its dead !
 Act—act in the living Present !
 Heart within, and God o’erhead !
 Lives of great men all remind us 25
 We can make our lives sublime,
 And, departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time ;
 Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o’er life’s solemn main, 30
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother
 Seeing, shall take heart again.
 Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate ;
 Still achieving, still pursuing, 35
 Learn to labour and to wait.

LONGFELLOW.

Line 13: Men’s best achievements endure for generations, though each man’s life is but short—quoted from the Latin.

Line 22: Do not brood over past misfortunes and mistakes.

18.

CONSTANCY.

WHO is the honest man ?

He that doth still, and strongly, good pursue ;
To God, his neighbour, and himself most true ;

Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due. 5

Whose honesty is not
So loose or easy that a ruffling wind
Can blow away, or glitt'ring look it blind ;
Who rides his sure and even trot,
While the world now rides by, now lags behind. 10

Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks, nor shun's them, but doth calmly stay
Till he the thing, and the example weigh :

Al^l being brought into a sum,
What place or person calls for, he doth pay. 15

Whom none can work, or woo,
To use in any thing a trick or sleight ;
For above all things he abhors deceit ;
His words, and works, and fashion, too,
All of one piece ; and all are clear and straight. 20

Who never melts or thaws
At close temptations. When the day is done,
His goodness sets not, but in dark can run :

The sun to others writeth laws,
And is their virtue ; Virtue is *his* sun. 25

Who, when he is to treat
 With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,
 Allows for that, and keeps his constant way :
 Whom others' faults do not defeat ;
 But though men fail him, yet his part doth play. 30

Whom nothing can procure,
 When the wide world runs bias, from his will
 To writhe his limbs ; and share, not mend, the ill.
 This is the mark-man, safe and sure,
 Who still is right, and prays to be so still. 35

G. HERBERT.

79.

THE LIGHT OF STARS.

THE night is come, but not too soon ;
 And sinking silently,
 All silently, the little moon
 Drops down behind the sky,
 There is no light in earth or heaven 5
 But the cold light of stars ;
 And the first watch of night is given
 To the red planet Mars.
 Is it the tender star of love—
 The star of love and dreams ? 10
 O no ! from that blue tent above
 A hero's armour gleams.
 And earnest thoughts within me rise,
 When I behold afar,
 Suspended in the evening skies, 15
 The shield of that red star.

O star of strength ! I see thee stand
 And smile upon my pain ;
 Thou beckonest with thy mailed hand
 And I am strong again. 20

With'in my breast there is no light
 But the cold light of stars ;
 I give the first watch of the night
 To the red planet Mars.

The star of the unconquered will, 25
 He rises in my breast,
 Serene, and resolute, and still,
 And calm, and self-possessed.

And thou, too, whosoe'er thou art,
 That readest this brief psalm, 30
 As one by one thy hopes depart,
 Be resolute and calm.

O fear not in a world like this,
 And thou shalt know ere long,
 Know how sublime a thing it is 35
 To suffer and be strong.

LONGFELLOW.

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NOUGHT AVAILETH.

SAY not "the struggle nought availeth,"
 The labour and the wounds are vain,
 The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
 And as things have been they remain."

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ; 5
It may be, in you smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
 When daylight comes, comes in the light:
 In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
 But westward, look, the land is bright.

A. H. CLOUGH.

SECTION VII.

PATRIOTISM AND LOYALTY.

81.

THE MAMELUKE CHARGE.

LET the Arab course/go
Headlong on the silent foe !
Their plumes may shine like mountain snow,
Like fire their iron tubes may glow,
Their cannon death on death may throw,
Their pomp, their pride, their strength, we know,
But—let the Arab courser go !
The Arab horse is free and bold,
His blood is noble from of old,
Through dams, and sires, many a one, 10
Up to the steed of Solomon.
He needs no spur to rouse his ire,
His limbs of beauty never tire,
Then, give the Arab horse the rein,
And their dark squares will close in vain. 15
Though loud the death-shot peal, and louder,
He will only neigh the prouder ;

Though nigh the death-flash glare, and nigher,
He will face the storm of fire ;
He will leap the mound of slain, 20
Only let him have the rein.
The Arab horse will not shrink back,
Though death confront him in his track ;
The Arab horse will not shrink back.
And shall his rider's arm be slack ? 25
No !—By the God who gave us life,
Our souls are ready for the strife.
We need no serried lines to show
A gallant bearing to the foe
We need no trumpet to awake 30
The thirst, which blood alone can slake.
What is it that can stop our course,
Free riders of the Arab horse ?
Go—brave the desert wind of fire ;
Go—beard the lightning's look of ire ; 35
Drive back the ravening flames, which leap
In thunder from the mountain-steep ;
But dream not, men of fife and drums,
To stop the Arab when he comes :
Not tides of fire, not walls of rock, 40
Could shield you from that earthquake shock.
Come, brethren, come, too long we stay,
The shades of night have rolled away,
Too fast the golden moments fleet,
Charge, ere another pulse has beat ; 45
Charge—like the tiger on the fawn,
Before another breath is drawn !

82.

INCIDENT IN THE FRENCH CAMP.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon :

A mile or so away,

On a little mound, Napoleon

Stood on our storming-day ;

With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,

Legs wide, arms locked behind,

As if to balance the prone brow

Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused "My plans

That soar, to earth may fall,

Let once my army-leader Lannes

Waver at yonder wall"—

Out 'twixt the 'battery-smokes there flew

A rider, bound on bound

Full galloping; nor bridle drew

Until he reach the mound.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,

And held himself erect

By just his horse's mane, a boy :

You hardly could suspect—

(So tight he kept his lips compressed,

Scarce any blood came through).

You looked twice ere you saw his breast

Was all but shot in two.

“ Well,” cried he, “ Emperor, by God’s grace

We've got you Ratisbon!

The Marshal's in the market-place,

And you'll be there anon

As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy tempests blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow. 20

Britannia needs no bulwark,
 No towers along the steep :
 Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
 Her home is on the deep.

With thunders from her native oak 25
 She quells the floods below,—
 As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy tempests blow ;
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow. 30

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn ;
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean-warriors ! 35
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow ;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow. 40

T. CAMPBELL.

84.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corpse to the rampart we hurried ;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy tempests blow ;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
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NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
 As his corpse to the rampart we hurried ;
 Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
 O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night, 5
The sods with our bayonets turning ;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin inclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we wound him ; 10
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead, 15
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollow'd his narrow bed
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow ! 20

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done 25
When the clock struck the hour for retiring ;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory ; 30
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

85.

THE RETURN OF THE GUARDS.

JULY 9th, 1856.

YES, they return—but who return ?

The many or the few ?

Clothed with a name, in vain the same ;

Face after face is new.

We know how beat the drum to muster,

5

We heard the cheers of late,

As that red storm, in haste to form,

Burst through each barrack-gate.

The first proud mass of English manhood,

A very sea of life,

10

With strength untold, was Eastward rolled—

How sobbs it back from strife ?

The steps that scaled the heights of Alma

Wake but faint echoes here ;

The flags we sent come back, though rent,

15

For other hands to rear.

Through shouts, that hail the shattered banner

Home from proud onsets led,

Through the glad roar, which greets once more

Each bronzed and bearded head,

20

Hushed voices from the earth beneath us,

Thrill on the summer air,

And claim a part of England's heart

For those who are not there.

- Not only these have marched from battle 25
 Into the realms of peace—
A home attained—a haven gained,
 Where wars and tumult cease.
- Whilst thick on Alma's blood-stained river
 The war-smoke lingered still, 30
A long, low beat of unseen feet
 Rose from her vine-clad hill ;
- By a swift change to music, nobler
 Than e'er was heard by man,
From those red banks the gathered ranks 35
 That other march began.
- On, on, through wild and wondrous regions
 Echoed their iron tread,
Whilst voices old before them rolled—
 ‘ Make way for Alma's dead ! ’ 40
- Like mighty winds before them ever,
 Those ancient voices rolled ;
Swept from their track, huge bars run back,
 And giant gates unfold ;
- Till, to the inmost home of heroes 45
 They led that hero line,
Where with a flame no years can tame
 The stars of honour shine.
- As forward stepped each fearless soldier,
 So stately, firm, and tall, 50
Wide, wide outflung, grim plaudits rung
 On through that endless hall.

Next, upon gloomy phantom chargers,
The self-devoted came,
Who rushed to die, without reply, 55
For duty, not for fame.

Then, from their place of ancient glory,
All sheathed in shining brass,
Three hundred men, of the Grecian glen,
Marched down to see them pass. 60

And the long-silent flutes of Sparta
Poured haughty welcome forth,
Stern hymns to crown, with just renown,
Her brethren of the North.

Yet louder at the solemn portal, 65
The trumpet floats and waits ;
And still more wide, in living pride,
Fly back the golden gates.

And those from Inkerman swarm onward,
Who made the dark fight good— 70
One man to nine, till their thin line
Lay, where at first it stood.

But, though cheered high by mailed millions,
Their steps were faint and slow ;
In each proud face the eye might trace 75
A sign of coming woe—

A coming woe which deepened ever,
As, down that darkening road,
Our bravest, tossed to plague and frost,
In streams of rum flowed. 80

All through that dim despairing winter,
 Too noble to complain,
 Bands hunger-worn, in raiment torn,
 Came, not by foemen slain.

And, patient, from the sullen trenches 85
 Crowds sunk, by toil and cold—
 Then murmurs slow, like thunders low,
 Wailed through the brave of old.

Wrath glided o'er the Hall of Heroes,
 Anguish, and shame, and scorn, 90
 As clouds that drift, breathe darkness swift
 O'er seas of shining corn.

Wrath glided o'er the Hall of Heroes,
 And veiled it like a pall,
 Whilst all felt fear, lest they should hear 95
 The Lion-banner fall.

And it unstained that ancient banner
 Keep yet its place of pride,
 Let none forget how vast the debt
 We owe to those who died. 100

Let none forget THE OTHERS, marching
 With steps we feel no more,
 Whose bodies sleep by that grim deep
 Which shakes the Euxine shore.

SIR F. H. DOYLE.

SECTION VIII.

INNOCENCE, GOODNESS, AND WISDOM.

86.

TO A HIGHLAND GIRL.

(At Inversnaid, upon Loch Lomond.)

SWEET Highland Girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower !
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head :
And these gray rocks ; that household lawn ; 5
Those trees, a veil just half withdrawn ;
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake ;
This little bay, a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode ; 10
In truth together ye do seem
Like something fashion'd in a dream ;
Such forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep !
But O fair Creature ! in the light 15
Of common day, so heavenly bright,

I bless thee, vision as thou art,
 I bless thee with a human heart :
 God shield thee to thy latest years !
 Thee neither know I nor thy peers : 20
 And yet my eyes are fill'd with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
 For thee when I am far away ;
 For never saw I mien or face
 In which more plainly could I trace 25
 Benignity and home-bred sense
 Ripening in perfect innocence.
 Here scatter'd, like a random seed,
 Remote from men, thou dost not need
 The embarrass'd look of shy distress, 30
 And maidenly shamefacedness :
 Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
 The freedom of a mountain-peer ;
 A face with gladness overspread ;
 Soft smiles, by human kindness bred : 35
 And seemliness complete, that sway :
 Thy courtesies, about thee plays ;
 With no restraint, but such as springs
 From quick and eager visitings
 Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach 40
 Of thy few words of English speech :
 A bondage sweetly brook'd, a strife
 That gives thy gestures grace and life !
 So have I, not unmoved in mind,
 Seen birds of tempest-loving kind— 45
 Thus beating up against the wind.
 —What hand but would a garland cull
 For thee who art so beautiful ?

O happy pleasure ! here to dwell
 Beside thee in some heathy dell 50
 Adopt your homely ways, and dress,
 As shepherd, thou a shepherdess !
 But I could frame a wish for thee
 More like a grave reality :
 Thou art to me ~~me~~ ^{as} a wave 55
 Of the wild sea ; and I would have
 Some claim upon thee, if I could,
 Though but of common neighbourhood.
 What joy to hear thee, and to see !
 Thy elder brother I would be, 60
 Thy father— anything to thee.

Now thanks to Heaven ! that of its grace
 Hath led me to this lonely place :
 Joy have I had ; and going hence
 I bear away my recompense. 65
 In spots like these it is we prize
 Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes ;
 Then why should I be loth to stir ?
 I feel this place was made for her ;
 To give new pleasure like the past, 70
 Continued long as life shall last.
 Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
 Sweet Highland Girl ! from thee to part
 For I, methinks, till I grow old
 As fair before me shall behold 75
 As I do now the cabin small,
 The lake, the bay, the waterfall ;
 And thee, the Spirit of them all !

A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command ;
 And yet a Spirit still, and bright
 With something of angelic light. 30

WORDSWORTH.

88.

CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE.

How happy is he born and taught ;
 That serveth not another's will ;
 Whose armour is his honest thought,
 And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are ; 5
 Whose soul is still prepared for death,
 Untied unto the world by care
 Of public fame, or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise
 Nor vice ; who never understood 10
 How deepest wounds are given by praise ;
 Nor rules of state, but rules of good ;

Who hath his life from rumours freed ;
 Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
 Whose state can neither flatterers feed, 15
 Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

Who God doth late and early pray
 More of His grace than gifts to lend ;
 And entertains the harmless day
 With a religious book or friend. 20

This man is freed from servile bands
 Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
 Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
 And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR H. WOTTON.

89. . .

CONTENTMENT.

MY mind to me a kingdom is ;
 " Such perfect joy therein I find,
 As far exceeds all earthly bliss
 That world affords, or grows by kind :
 Though much I want what most men have, 5
 Yet doth my mind forbid me crave.

Content I live—this is my stay ;
 I seek no more than may suffice ;
 I press to bear no haughty sway ;
 Look—what I lack, my mind supplies ! 10
 Lo ! thus I triumph like a king,
 Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
 And hasty climbers soonest fall ;
 I see how those that sit aloft 15
 Mishap doth threaten most of all ;
 These get with toil, and keep with fear :
 Such cares my mind could never bear.

I laugh not at another's loss ;
 I grudge not at another's gain : 20
 No worldly wave my mind can toss ;
 I brook that is another's pain :
 I fear no foe ; I scorn no friend ;
 I dread no death ; I fear no end.

Some have too much, yet still they crave ; 25

I little have, yet seek no more : •

They are but poor, though much they have,

And I am rich, with little store.

They poor, I rich : they beg, I give :

They lack, I lend : they pine, I live 30

I wish but what I have at will ;

I wander not to seek for more :

I like the plain ; I climb no hill :

In greatest storm I sit on shore,

And laugh at those that toil in vain, 35

To get what must be lost again.

-- This is my choice ; for why ?—I find

No wealth is like a quiet mind.

SIR. E. DYER.

90.

THE SCHOLAR.

My days among the dead are past ;

Around me I behold,

Where'er these casual eyes are cast,

The mighty minds of old ;

My never failing friends are they, 5

With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal

And seek relief in woe ;

And while I understand and feel

How much to them I owe, 10

My cheeks have often been bedew'd

With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

SECTION IX.

THE CONTEMPLATION OF LIFE AND DEATH.

91.

ODE ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM VICISSITUDE.

Now the golden morn aloft
 Waves her dew-bespangled wing ;
With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
 She woos the tardy spring :
Till April starts, and calls around 5
The sleeping fragrance from the ground,
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
 Frisking ply their feeble feet ; 10
Forgetful of their wintry trance
 The birds his presence greet :
But chief, the sky-lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstacy ;
And, lessening from the dazzled sight, 15
Melts into air and liquid light.

Yesterday the sullen year
 "Saw the snowy whirlwind fly ;
 Mute was the music of the air,
 The herd stood drooping by : 20
 Their raptures now that wildly flow
 No yesterday nor morrow know ;
 'Tis Man alone that joy deseries
 With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past misfortune's brow 25
 • Soft reflection's hand can trace,
 And o'er the cheek of sorrow throw
 A melancholy grace ;
 While hope prolongs our happier hour,
 Or deepest shades, that dimly lour 30
 And blacken round our weary way,
 Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy pleasure leads,
 See a kindred grief pursue ;
 'Behind the steps that misery treads 35
 Approaching comfort view :
 The hues of bliss more brightly glow
 Chastised by sabler tints of woe,
 And blended form, with artful strife,
 The strength and harmony of life. 40

See the wretch that long has tost
 On the thorny bed of pain,
 At length repair his vigour lost
 And breathe and walk again :

*Lines 39-40: And joy and sorrow combined, by due vicissitudes,
 make strong and well-regulated natures in men.*

The meanest floweret of the vale, 45
 The simplest note that swells the gale,
 The common sun, the air, the skies,
 To him are opening Paradise.

GRAY.

92.

UP-HILL.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way ?
 Yes, to the very end.
 Will the day's journey take the whole long day ?
 From morn to night, my friend.
 But is there for the night a resting-place ? 5
 A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
 May not the darkness hide it from my face ?
 You cannot miss that inn.
 Shall I meet other wayfarers at night ?
 Those who have gone before. 10
 Then must I knock, or call when just in sight ?
 They will not keep you standing at that door.
 Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak ?
 Of labour you will find the sum.
 Will there be beds for me and all who seek ? 15
 Yea, beds for all who come.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

93.

MOTHER COUNTRY.

OH what is that country
 And where can it be ?
 Not mine own country,
 But dearer far to me ;

Yet mine own country, If I one day may see Its spices and cedars, Its gold and ivory.	5
Oh what is a king here, Or what is a boor?	16
Here all starve together, All dwarf'd and poor : Here Death's hand knocketh At door after door ;	
He thins the dancers From the festal floor.	15
Oh what is a handmaid, Or what is a queen ? All must lie down together Where the turf is green ;	20
The foulest face hidden, The fairest not seen ; Gone as if never They had breathed or been.	
Gone from sweet sunshine Underneath the sod, Turn'd from warm flesh and blood To senseless clod,	25
Gone as if never They had toil'd or trod, "Gone out of sight of all Except our God. "	30
And if <i>that</i> life is life, This is but a breath, The passage of a dream, And the shadow of death ;	35

But a vain shadow
 If one consideréth ·
 Vanity of vanities,
 As the Preacher saith. 40

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

Line 36: A state like death—when compared with the glorious activity of the after life.

Line 37: Transitory as a shadow, and empty of all true delight.

94.

DEATH THE LEVELLER.

THE glories of our blood and state
 Are shadows, not substantial things;
 There is no armour against Fate;
 Death lays his icy hand on kings:
 Sceptre and crown 5
 Must tumble down,
 And in the dust be equal made
 With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
 And plant fresh laurels where they kill: 10
 But their strong nerves at last must yield;
 They tame but one another still:
 Early or late
 They stoop to Fate,
 And must give up their murmuring breath 15
 When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow ;
 Then boast no more your mighty deeds !
 Upon Death's purple altar now
 See where the victor-victim bleeds : 20
 Your heads must come
 To the cold tomb ;
 Only the actions of the just
 Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.
 J. SHIRLEY.

95.

CROSSING THE BAR.

SUNSET and evening star,
 And one clear call for me !
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea,
 But such a tide as moving seems asleep, 5
 Too full for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home.
 Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark ! 10
 And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark ;
 For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face 15
 When I have crost the bar.

TENNYSON

Line 13 : For though from out our finite world --

SECTION X.

THE WORLD AND THE CREATOR.

96.

ODE TO CREATION.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim ;
The unwearied sun from day to day 5
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale, 10
And, nightly to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth .
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll, 15
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball ?
 What though no real voice nor sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found ? 20
 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine "

J ADDISON.

97.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

To God, ye choir above, begin
 A hymn so loud and strong
 That all the universe may hear
 And join the grateful song.

Praise Him, thou sun, Who dwells unseen 5
 Amidst transcendent light,
 Where thy refulgent orb would seem
 A spot, as dark as night.

Thou silver moon, ye host of stars,
 The universal song 10
 Through the serene and silent night
 To listening worlds prolong.

Sing Him, ye distant worlds and suns,
 From whence no travelling ray
 Hath yet to us, through ages past, 15
 Had time to make its way.

Assist, ye raging storms, and bear
On rapid wings His praise,
From north to south, from east to west,
Through heaven, and earth, and seas. 20

Exert your voice, ye furious fires
That rend the watery cloud,
And thunder to this nether world
Your Maker's words aloud.

Ye works of God, that dwell unknown 25
Beneath the rolling main ;
Ye birds, that sing among the groves,
And sweep the azure plain ;

Ye stately hills, that rear your heads,
And towering pierce the sky ; 30
Ye clouds, that with an awful pace
Majestic roll on high ;

Ye insects small, to which one leaf
Within its narrow sides
A vast extended world displays, 35
And spacious realms provides ;

Ye race, still less than these, with which
The stagnant water teems,
To which one drop, however small,
A boundless ocean seems ; 40

Whate'er ye are, where'er ye dwell,
Ye creatures great or small—
Adore the wisdom, praise the power,
That made and governs all.

98.

THE TIGER.

TIGER, tiger, burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye^a
 Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies 5
 Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
 On what wings dare he aspire?
 What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art
 Could twist the sinews of thy heart? 10
 And, when thy heart began to beat,
 What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
 In what furnace was thy brain?
 What the anvil? what dread grasp 15
 Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
 And watered heaven with their tears,
 Did He smile His work to see?
 Did He who made the lamb make thee? 20

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

W. BLAKE.

99.

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL.

FLOWER in the crannied wall,
 I pluck you out of the crannies :
 I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
 Little flower—but *if* I could understand
 What you are, root and all, and all in all, 5
 I should know what God and man is.

TENNYSON.

100.

TO NIGHT.

MYSTERIOUS Night ! when our first parent knew
 Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
 Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
 This glorious canopy of light and blue ?
 Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
 Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
 Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
 And lo ! creation widened in man's view !
 •
 Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
 Within thy beams, O Sun ! or who could find, 10
 Whilst flow'r and leaf and insect stood revealed,
 That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind !
 Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife ?
 If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life ?

BLANCO WHITE.

98.

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W. BLAKE.

NOTES.

PART II.

51.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1770-1850.

1. *Wood Street*—in the heart of London. 5. *note of enchantment*, sound strangely affecting her. 5. *ads her*, causes her to stand still. 5. *sees*, seems to see. 6. *a mountain ascending*, a lofty mountain—that above her father's cottage. 6. *trees*—the trees on the mountain-side. 7. *vapour*, mountain mist. 7. *through Lothbury*, though she is in Lothbury in the midst of London. 7. *glide*, seem to move before her eyes. 8. *flows*, seems to flow before her eyes. 8. *through the vale of Cheapside*, through a vale, though she is in Cheapside in the middle of London—the vale is that in which her home lies. 9. *pastures*—at the foot of the mountain. 11. *nest*, loving home. 13. *is in heaven*, is happy. 14. *shade*, shadows—beneath the trees. 15. *will not*, ceases to.

52.

GEORGE MEREDITH, — —.

2. *has dropped*, lies. 3. *Hesper*—the evening star. 4. *against*, above. 4. *brimming*, full, wide. 4. *flood*, sea. 8. *upon a tear*, with tears. 9. *dries him*, kisses the drops away. 10. *covets*, thinks precious, watches. 11. *enough*—so as to grow weary of it. 12. *usurper*—of his mother's love, which once was all the father's. 13. *golden throne*, first place in her care. 14. *such angel hands*—the father's overwhelming love, which he feels to be of heaven and compares to an invading army of angels. 14. *attend his hands*, aid him.

53.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1770-1850.

2. *lightly*, gaily. 2. *draws its breath*, lives. 3. *life*, vigour. 9. *air*, appearance. 10. *wildly*, rustically. 11. *and*, yea, indeed. 19. *Conway*—in Carnarvon, Wales. 27. *yet*—though two^a are dead. 34. *they*—redundant. 67. *'twas throwing words away*, it was useless to correct her. 68. *would have her will*, persisted.

54.

ALFRED TENNYSON, afterwards LORD TENNYSON, 1809-1892.

1. *her warrior*, the knight her husband. 9. *stole*, softly moved—the verb and its subj. are inverted. 11. *took*, lifted—so that the wife might see, and weep. 13. *rose*—the verb and its subj. are inverted. 16. *live*, will live.

55.

THOMAS MOORE, the Irish poet, 1779-1852.

5. *no flower of her kindred*, no other rose. 7. *reflect back her blushes*, bloom by its side. 8. *give sigh for sigh*, be its companion. 10. *pine*, fade in solitude. 11. *sleeping*, dead. 14. *bed*, ground. 18. *friendships decay*, my friends leave me. 19. *Love's*, my comrades'. 19. *shining*, glad. 20. *the gems*, the best. 20. *drop away*, die. 21. *hearts*, friends. 21. *lie withered*, are dead. 22. *flower*, lost. 24. *bleak*, loveless—a chilly winter scene is suggested by the word.

56

ROBERT BROWNING, 1812-1889.

A tale of a horse's gallantry and endurance.¹ Ghent and all the other places mentioned, except Aix, are in the Belgian Netherlands. Aix is just over the Western border of Germany. The story tells how, during the rebellion of the Netherlands against their Spanish rulers, in the latter part of the 16th century, certain news of vital importance to the citizens of Aix was brought there from Ghent only just in time. There appears to be no historical foundation for this particular ride; but the valour of a good horse is the point of the story, and that is well established. 1. *he*, Dirk. 3. *watch*, soldiers guarding the gate. 4. *wall*—of the gate-way. 5. *postern*, door. 5. *sank to rest*, grew dim in the distance behind us. 8. *our place*—abreast. 10. *the pique*, the front of the saddle. 11. *re-buckled*—more loosely. 14. *twilight*—the first sign of morning. 15. *came out to see*, rose. 17. *the hal'-chime*, the bells for early morning service. 20. *against him*, between it and us. 20. *stood black*, as

they stood looked black. 21. *to stare*, and stared. 22. *saw*, saw clearly—in the daylight. 24. *haze*, morning mist. 24. *its spray*, the surging waters of the river—at a curve in its course. 25. *low*, outstretched. 27. *intelligence*, intelligent look. 27. *ever*, every now and then. 28. *dear*. 28. *askance*, backwards. 31. *by*, near. 31. *groaned*—feeling his mare failing. 33. *we'll remember*, we will praise your efforts and hers. 39. *laughed a pitiless laugh*, shone fiercely. 40. *broke*, was scattered—it was in the autumn soon after the harvest. 41. *dome*, cathedral. 41. *sprang*, sprang into view, was suddenly seen. 41. *white*—this is best rendered an adj. and transferred to 'dome-spire.' 42. *gasped*—he was exhausted. 43. *how*, with what plaudits—the speech of Joris, continued. 45. *weight*, responsibility. 47. *like pits*—owing to the terrible strain. 48. *for*, as. 49. *cast loose*, threw away—to lighten the load on the horse. 53. *clapped*—to hearten him. 55. *all I remember*—the rider was confused by exhaustion, but instinctively helped his good horse as it fell. 56. *'twixt*, supported by. 58. *our*, the citizens'. 58. *wine*—to bring back his strength; it succeeded.

57.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1770-1850.

2. *baby-show*, sight for a baby. 7. *frosty*—it is near the close of autumn. 13. *tending*, moving, travelling. 14. *this lower world*, our world. 16. *parachute*, balloon-like leaf. 24. *eye of fire*, eager glance—sing for pl. 29. *works with*, tasses. 32. *beyond*, beyond him, excelling him. 33. *eye*, sight. 38. *proud*—of admiration. 39. *over wealthy*—'to need anything more' is understood. 48. *bough*, *blade*—sings for pls. 51. *made*—in the summer. 53. *multitudes*—of those living things. 53. *swept away*, dead. 54. *day*, air. 55. *sleeping*, dormant, hibernating. 57. *shunk*, have shyly retired—they have grown wilder. 57. *moor*, *wood*—sings for pls. 59. *kinds*, creatures. 62. *mirth*, *joy*—lasting only whilst the summer lasted. 63. *giddy sprite*, gay little bird. 65. *was*—in the summer. 65. *blest*, happy. 67. *wanton*, thoughtless. 68. *turning inside out*, thrusting his beak into the depths of. 69. *towards*—one syllable, t'wards. 71. *bound*, bent. 72. *harlequin*, acrobat—dressed in gay colours. 73. *tumbler*, gymnast. 75. *now*—when winter is approaching. 77. *merriment*, in merriment. 77. *prime*, first part, early summer. 80. *vale*, *hill*—sings for pls. 84. *strikes*, nicks. 85. *rainily*, without causing any creature to show signs of joy. 85. *hill*, *plain*—sings for pls. 87. *spreads the lure*, show the alluring loveliness. 89. *decoy*, charm, please. 90. *into*, into showing, so as to make it show. 92. *dreary season*—winter. 93. *other pleasures*, more sedate pleasures. 95-100—see the footnote to the text. 95. *dwell*, exist. 96. *impenetrable cell*, inmost feelings—there are barriers between all hearts, and no one can disclose quite all his feelings to another. 97. *silent*, lonely—

unable fully to express its feelings. 100. *sedate*, deep and solemn. 101. *such*, yet such. 101. *a light*, an ecstasy. 101, 102, *breaks from*, rises from, is caused by. 103. *living*, lively, happy. 107. *repine*, regret. 109. *fare*, feel. 111. *will have my careless season*, therefore resolve to be light-hearted at times—'my' here has the force of 'a'; 'will' is stressed. 112. *spite*, in spite. 112. *reason*—which dwells on the troubles and responsibilities of life. 117. *toy*, trifle. 121. *that or this*, these two. 122. *wisdom*, wisest course. 122. *in my bliss*, in being blissful—in spite of troubles. 123. *sprightly soul*, gaiety, content. 123. *awake*, active. 124. *faculties*, power. 125. *wrought by*, full of. 128. *gambol with*, meet cheerfully—co-ord. with 'take,' line 124. 128. *life's falling leaf*, life's accidents.

58.

1. *have*, have just. 4. *but a voice*—because the bird though often heard is very seldom seen. 6. *twofold*, of two notes—cuck-oo! 9. *at once*, at the same time. 9. *babbling*, carelessly singing. 9. *to*, in the midst of. 10. *of*, surrounded by—literally, 'about.' 11. *a tale*, thoughts. 12. *visionary hours*, long-past days—of his childhood. 14. *yet*, now—in his maturity. 14. *thou art*, you sometimes seem. 15, 16—see line 4. 18. *cry*, voice—as in lines 4 and 16. 19. *look*—in search of the bird. 22. *green*, grass. 23. *a hope*, a love, the object of my eager search. 27. *beget*, vividly remember. 28. *golden*, happy. 30. *again*—as in my imaginative childhood. 31. *unsubstantial*, mysteriously lovely. 32. *for thee*—see lines 15, 16.

59.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, 1792-1822.

2. you are rather an ethereal spirit than a bird—contrast 'bird' (line 2) and 'spirit' (line 1); and see lines 31 and 61. 4. *pourest*, pour out. 4. *full heart*, passionate feelings. 5. *unpremeditated*, natural. 8. *like*, as lightly as. 8. *cloud of fire*, rosy cloudlet. 11. *lightning*, rays. 12. *sunken*, descending—but still high, see line 19. 13. *brightning*, glowing. 14. *run*, flutter. 15. *unbodied*, ethereal. 15. *joy*, joyous spirit. 15. *race*, life. 16. *purple even*, purple sky of evening—it is early in the evening; see line 19. 17. *melts*, glows. 20. *delight*, song of delight. 21. *keen*—agreeing with 'delight.' 21. *arrows*, rays. 22. *sphere*, with the moon. 23. *narrows*, pales, glows through the night till with the morn it pales. 25. *hardly see*—cp. line 20. 28. *bare*, clear. 29. *cloud*—hiding the moon but not its rays. 30. *heaven is overflow'd*, the heavens are filled with light. 31. See line 2. 35. *a rain of melody*, gushing melody. 36, 37. *hidden in the light of thought*, immersed in deepest thought—the word 'light' suggests a picture of the bright sky, into which the bird soars till it is lost to sight, and with its flight the poet's profound meditation is compared. 39. *wrought*, roused. 44. *secret hour*, solitude. 45. *overflows*, fills and is heard beyond. 47. *dell of dew*, dewy nook.

51, 52. *embower'd in*, surrounded by—the word suggests the notion of a chamber, with which the leaves are compared. 53. *deflower'd*, robbed of sweet scent—see the footnote to the text. 55. *faint*, slow. 55. *with*, with bearing. 55. *sweet*, sweetness. 55. *heavily-winged thieves*, faintly stirring breezes. 56, 58, 59. *sound*, flowers, all—objs. to 'surpass.' 57. *twinkling*, gleaming. 61. *sprite*, spirit—see lines 1 and 2. 65. *panted forth a flood of*, expressed with ecstasy. 67. *triumphal chaunt*, song of victory. 68. *match'd*, compared. 68. *with thine*, with your song of joy. 68. *be*, seem. 69. *but*, only—it is possible that 'all' and 'but' go together, meaning 'almost,' but the fact that the sound requires a pause at the end of line 68 is against this rendering. 69. *an empty want*, loud sounds expressing little real joy. 70. *want*, want of gladness, sadness. 71. *fountains*, sources, subjects. 74. *shapes*, forms. 76. *clear*, fresh. 77. *be*, exist—in the bird's heart. 78. *shadow*, even the smallest trace or share. 80. *satiety*, weariness. 81. *asleep*, in visions. 82. *deem*, know. 83. *things*, truths. 83. *more true and deep*—and therefore more consoling. 84. *dream*, fancy, fancy that we know—or, perhaps, attain even in our least worldly meditations; a dream may be regarded either as a deceptive fancy or as a more ethereal vision. 85. *crystal*, perfectly bright, perfectly joyous—the bird evidently knows no fear of death as men do, and perhaps in this is wiser than men. 86. *look before*, look at the future. 86. *and after*, and at the past—which is behind us. 87. *pine*, long. 90. *those that tell of saddest thought*, those of deepest pathos. 91. *if*, even if. 91. *could scorn*, could be superior to, did not feel. 95. *thy joy we ever should come near*, we could ever feel such perfect joy as yours. 96. *measures*, rhythms. 98. *treasures*—of poetic knowledge. 100. *thy skill*, such harmonious power as yours. 100. *poet*—sing. for pl. 100. *scorner of the ground*, heavenly singer—see lines 3-5. 101. *teach me*, if you could put into my heart. 103. *madness*, inspired songs. 105. *listen*—to me. 105. *as*, as rapturously as.

60.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1770-1850.

2. *heart*, passion, love. 3. *pierce*, pierce the heart, pain the hearer—with sympathy for the bird's apparently painful passion. 4. *tumultuous and fierce*, full of passion ill-controlled. 4. *harmony*, song. 6. *help'd thee to*, helped you to woo, inspired you to woo—see the footnote to the text. 6. *a valentine*, your mate. 7, 8. *in mockery and despite of*, in absolute contrast to. 9. *all the loves*, the gentle loves of all the other birds. 11. *say*, murmur—the notes of the dove are so little varied that, though of the deepest sweetness, they scarcely amount to a song. 12. *homely*, simple. 12. *tale*, notes. 13. *his voice*, he whilst cooing. 13. *buried*, hidden. 14. *yet to be come at*, yet his voice was carried to me. 16. *somewhat pensively*, with slow and regular notes. 17. *he sang of*, his song

suggested. 17. *blending*, union of hearts. 18. *slow*—agreeing with ‘love.’ 19. *serious faith*, steady love. 19. *inward*, reserved, calm. 19. *glee*, innocent happiness. 20. *for me*, to suit my nature.

61.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, 1772-1834.

Fountain, spring—see line 5. 2. *tents*, shelter. 4. *basin*—the natural basin of the spring. 10. *bottom*—of the basin. 11. *still*, for ever. 12. *fount*, water. 13. *twilight*, shade. 17. *innocent*—for the worldling these beauties have no refreshing interest.

62.

JOHN MILTON, 1608-1674.

From *Paradise Lost*; a speech of Eve’s to Adam—Book IV., lines 641-656. 1. *breath*, air. 1. *her rising*, the dawn. 2. *charm*, charming [note]. 4. *herb, tree, fruit, flower*—sings. for pls. 7. *grateful*, pleasing. 8. *bird*—the nightingale. 9. *train*—of followers. 16. *thee*—Adam.

63.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, 1819-1875.

2, 10. *by*, past—some such phrase as ‘I flow’ is understood; ‘the river is singing. 2. *laughing*, gleaming—sunlight reflected from rippling water is compared to laughter. 2. *shadow, pool*—sings. for pls. 2. *dreaming*, quiet. 4. *wear*—sing. for pl. 5, 6, 8. Sings. for pls. 7. *undefiled*—agreeing with ‘I’ understood; see the note to line 2. 7. *for*, fit for. 10. *cowl*, surrounding atmosphere—a ‘cowl’ is a deep hood hiding the head and face, and with this the overhanging smoke-clouds of a manufacturing town are compared. 12. Sings. for pls. 14. growing fouler as the wealth made upon my banks increases—the word ‘baser,’ while seeming to attribute moral evil to the river, brings to the mind the turpitude of our cities. 15. *sin-defiled*, filthy—see the note to line 14. 17. Supply some such phrase as ‘I flow again’; below the city. 18. *floodgates are open*, impediments are passed. 20. *streams*, waters—the use of the plural raises a picture of the many eddying currents in a river. 21. *golden*, pure yellow. 21. *leaping bar*, bar where the sea-waves leap. 22. *tide*, sea. 23. *as I lose myself in*, where I shall mingle with.

64.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1770-1850.

Westminster Bridge—seen by the poet at sunrise. 2. *pass by*—without heeding. 3. *touching*, affecting. 4. *doth like a garment wear*, is seen adorned in. 5. *bare*, clear to the view—free of the

NOTES.

oke of the day ; see line 8. 6. *temples*, churches. 7. *open unto*,
th pure air stretching far away to. 9. *never*—see line 1.
10. *steep in*, bathe in, cover with. 10. *his first splendour*, the
lencour of sunrise. 12. *at his own sweet will*, undisturbed—by
y traffic. 14. *mighty heart*, vast city—the word ‘heart’ attri-
tes a personality to the city, and suggests its manifold activities
d passions.

65.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, *the American poet*, 1807-1882.

F. twilight, evening. 1. *sad*, threatening—the word suggests the
ea of depression in the minds of the beholders. 4. *caps*, foaming
aves. 6. *light*—of the fire in the hearth. 13. *waving*, moving.
. *passing*—as the woman goes about her household work.
. *crazy*, feeble, shaking. 23. *beat at the heart of*, beat with a
ynd that affects.

66.

SIR RENNEL RODD, *K.C.M.G.* — —.

East-end—of London ; the poorest quarter. 2. *for the home*, as
e home, 'tis the home. 2. *of a song-bird's heart*, that the song-
rds love. 3. *forever*, I ask forever—none can give a fitting
usor. 7. *is it nothing*, does it give no pain. 8. *hopeless wire*,
ge whence there is no hope of escape. 13. *why*, why am I
risoned. 16. *wildering*, bewildering—to a wild bird. 16. *dark-*
ss, shade—of the narrow street. 17. *surge*, passing throng—the
ord suggests the notion of waves sweeping along the surface of the
a ; the passing throng is compared to waves following each other.
. *cry*, noise. 19. *golden*, yellow. 21. *cramping*, imprisoning.
. *of*, with. 23. *must*—such is its nature. 25. *any heart*, anyone
ith a tender heart. 27. *sing you mad*, sing you into madness—
rough sympathy with the endless and irremediable sufferings of
ged birds. 28. *better*, it is better—than to live caged. 29, 30,
—absolute constructions ; its plumage being ruffled, its feathers
ing furled, a song being gone. 30. *furled*, closed. 31. *song*,
rd—men think of birds unsympathetically as things, not as
ndred though humble souls. 35. *joy*, joyous creature. 37. *hush*,
iet. 37. *rose*, rosy sky. 38. *was a voice that fell*, came
rimoniously, 40. *whose meaning was*, that was meant for—man
as meant for joy and sorrow, and may rise by aid of each, but the
rd is merely tortured by such pain at least as man inflicts on it.
, 42. *was one outpouring of*, was spent in constantly outpouring.
. *note*, music. 43. *gone*—in caging it. 44. *to blast God's breath*,
mar the God-given power of song—see line 24 ; or, perhaps,
blast' means 'destroy.' 45. *go to your hearts*, make you grieve.
i. *pity*, piteousness. 47, 48, *clings to the strain and the will*,

continually strains and longs. 49. *set in words*, make you understand—if you have no sympathy; see line 45. 50. *meaning*—that the bird should be free. 50. *this*, this unresigned effort to escape. 51. *the loveliest thing*—and so one would expect them readily to gain that sympathy, without which the argument is unconvincing.

67.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1731-1800.

The good and gentle poet suffered from a melancholy amounting at times to mania. Narrating here the story—a true one—of a castaway, he makes us feel something of the agony of his own long and despairing struggle with the disturbance of his brain. 1. *involved*, concealed. 3. *destined wretch*, one destined to wretchedness. 7. *boast*, name with pride. 8. *he*—Admiral Anson, see line 52; on this voyage he sailed round the World, 1740-1744. 10. *wishes*, of the seamen's friends for their safety on their long voyage. 10. *sent*, accompanied—the word suggests the start amid the cheers of the spectators. 11. *in vain*—for he must lose them. 12. *her*, the ship. 17. *lasting*, lengthy. 18. with the strength that comes to one in desperate straits. 21. *blast*, storm. 22. *pitiless perforce*, perforce deserting him—so seeming pitiless; see line 31. 27. *floats*, buoyed by corks. 28. *bestow*, throw out. 30. *what'er they gave*, in spite of what they gave. 30. *gave*, threw. 30. *visit* more, reach again. 37. *long survives*, seems to live an age. 38. *self-upheld*, swimming thus. 43. *his respite past*—an absolute construction; the 'respite' is the 'hour' above. 47. *toil*, fatigue. 49. *wept him*, described his mournful fate. 50. *narrative*—Anson's. 52. shows Anson's grievous sorrow. 53. *tears shed*, words of sorrow recorded. 55. *dream*, fancy it possible. 58. *more enduring*—than that already assured by Anson's narrative. 59. *misery*, one in misery. 59. *delights*, inclines. 65. *a rougher sea*, a fate more terrible than the storm in which he perished. 66. *in deeper gulfs than he*, in despair deeper than the ocean into which he sank.

68.

ELIZABETH BARRETT, afterwards MRS. BROWNING,
the wife of the poet, 1806-1861.

The poem figuratively describes the process of separation, more or less violent and painful, by which a poet becomes isolated from his fellow-men; see line 39. 1. *Pan*—the Greek God of Nature as seen in woods, hills, and fields, the inventor of the flute of seven reeds called the Pan-pipes; he was represented with a goat's hind-legs and horns, see lines 4 and 37. 3. *ban*, destruction. 5. *golden*, yellow-pollened. 6. *with*, under. 6, 11, 35, *fly*—sing. for pl. 12. *ere he brought it*, whilst he was getting the reed. 15. *hewed as*

a great god can, hewed mightily. 16. *bleak*, cold. 16. *steel*, knife. 22. *ring*, wood—of the rock. 25. *this*—separating and shaping. 28. *succeed*—in making music. 33. *blinding*—through tears. 34. *die*, sink. 36. *dream on*, poise over. 37. *half a beast*—in form, and in cruelty; the poetess makes Pan represent the forces of Nature and of Fate, which do not change for any suffering. 38. to have no pity. 39. training the poet and so separating him from his fellow-men. 40. *true gods*, higher gods—the benevolent Power which is above, but does not interfere with the strict workings of Nature and Fate; contrast line 37. 40. *the cost and pain*, the mental distress of the growing poet. 41. *the reed*, the poet. 41. *which grows*, who lives. 42. *a reed with the reeds in the river*, a welcome comrade at ease among his fellow-men.

69.

EBENEZER ELLIOT, 1781-1849.

1. *brother*, fellow-man. 3. *his books were rivers*, he turned for happy thoughts to rivers—as one turns to books for pleasure. 4-8—sings. for pls. 5. *his teachers were*, he drew knowledge from—the stern teacher compels attention, as did these. 6. *slave*, oppressed worker. 10. *feared*—all being the Creator's handiwork. 12. the divine soul possessed by him as well as by the great. 15. *ill could he praise*, he cried against—'ill' has here the force of an emphatic negative. 15. *take*—by oppression. 16. *labour*, labourers—abstract for concrete. 17, 18. *a hand, a head, a heart*, one with strength, ability, and courage—in apposition to 'man,' line 19. 17, 18, *to do, to plan, to feel and dare*, ready to act for and plan for, and sympathise with, and defend—the poor. 19. *foes*—see lines 15, 16. 20. *drew*, described.

70.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1770-1850.

1. *a thousand*, unnumbered. 3. *pleasant thoughts*—such as those of lovely natural scenes and objects, see lines 5, 6. 4. *bring to the mind*, are mingled in the mind with—see the footnote to the text. 4. *sad thoughts*—such as those of man's fate contrasted with nature's, see lines 7, 8. 5. *her fair works*—the flowers and birds and trees. 5. *link to*, draw through sympathy near to—see the footnote to the text. 6. *human soul*, man's soul. 6. *that through me ran*, that is in me. 8. *what*, what a sorrow-laden being. 8. *man has*, men's unkindliness has. 11. *faith*, firm belief. 14. *measure*, know exactly, know for certain. 16. *it*—redundant. 17. *fan*, fan-like shapes—sing. for pl. 19. *do all I can*, even though I do all I can to reason to the contrary, I cannot help thinking. 20. *there*—in the twigs. 21. *belief*—in the prevalence of joy throughout Nature. 21. *from Heaven be sent*, be right. 22. *plan*—that joy prevail.

71.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, *the American poet*, 1807-1882.

"The following Ballad was suggested to me whilst riding on the seashore at Newport (Rhode Island). A year or two previous a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River (Massachusetts), clad in broken and corroded armour; and the idea occurred to me of connecting it with the Round Tower at Newport, generally known hitherto as the old Wind-Mill, though now claimed by the Danes as a work of their early ancestors (the Norsemen)." *Note by Longfellow.* 1. *guest*, corner—the skeleton. 12. *gleam*—with the Aurora Borealis. 13. *the water's flow*, the sound of streams—a mid falling snow; or, perhaps, the sound of snow-water dripping from trees in a thaw. 16. *the heart's chamber*, his hollow breast—or, perhaps, the depth of his heart. 19. *skald*, bard. 20. *saga*, tale. 22. *tale*—of my deeds. 23. *a dead man's curse*, my curse. 28. *ger-falcon*—sing. for pl. 30. *sound*, straits. 31. *the*, my. 31. *hound*—striving to follow its master. 34. *the*, some, a. 35. *the hare*—sing. for pl. 35. *a shadow*—cast by a moving cloud; sing. for pl. 38. *followed*, I followed. 38. *were-wolf*—a fabulous animal; mysterious noises in the forest were mistaken for its bark. 39. 40. *Sings*, for pls. 42. *corsair*, viking. 46. *sped*—in death. 47. *hearts*—of the women of the slain. 47. *bled*, grieved. 49. *wassail bout*, feast. 50. *wore out*, helped us to pass. 51. *shout*—sing. for pl. 52. *set crowing*, roused—with noise as great as that of day. 53. *Berserk's tale*, tales of the heroes—sings. for pls. 54. *measures in cups*, told while we drank cups. 55. *pail*, open cask. 62. *pine*—sing. for pl. 63. *dark*, fierce. 68. *vows*—of betrothal. 86. *unshorn*, bearded. 88. *foam*, froth. 91. *blushed and smiled*, favoured my suit. 96. *nest*, bower. 101. *white*, wave-beaten, stormy. 105. *to the blast*, on the windy sea. 109. *flaw*, change. 110. *came*—from a new and unfavourable direction. 110. *Skaw*—the Northern extremity of Denmark. 113. *to catch the gale*, to suit itself to the new direction of the wind. 114. *the*, our. 115. *the*, their—see line 112. 121. *aslant*, spread. 122. *the*, some, a. 126. *sea*, the high seas. 134. *tower*—see Longfellow's Note above. 138. *dried the tears*, removed the sorrow. 143, 144. *shall the sun arise on*, shall the world hold. 145. *still*, numbed—with grief. 152. *grateful*, pleasing to me. 153. *seamed with many scars*, bearing the signs of many sorrows. 154. *bursting*, escaping from. 154. *these prison bars*, this body—the body encloses the soul. 155. *its native stars*, heaven whence it came. 157, 158—the pagan Norsemen's heaven is described. 157. *flowing*, full. 159. *Skoal*, health, nail!

72.

JOHN KEATS, 1795-1821.

La Belle Dame sans Merci, the fair dame is borrowed from an old French ballad. 3. *wither'd*—it is early winter, see lines 4, 7 and 8. 3. *lake*, lake-shore. 9. *a lily on thy*

row, the whiteness of your brow. 11. *rose*, colour. 13. The Knight's reply begins. 14. *full*, most. 15. *foot*, step. 18. *fragrant*, made of flowers. 19. *as*, as though. 21. *pacing*, gently moving. 23. *sidelong bend*, bend towards me at her side. 26. *manna-dew*, magic food—Exodus xvi. recounts how the Jews in the wilderness of Sinai found a divine food, manna, spread on the ground with every dawn. 27. *sure*, surely, as I thought. 28. *true*, truly. 34. *woe betide*, woe is me. 35. *the latest dream I ever dream'd*, the dream that now I always dream—it was summer or early autumn when he met the dame (see lines 17, 18) and it is now early winter, but the dream persists; or, perhaps, he sleeps no more and therefore pines away. 40. *thrall*, bondage. 41. *starved*, pallid. 41. *gloom*, gloaming, dim light. 42. *gaped*, gasping. 43. *me*—for 'myself.' 45. *this is why*—because of her bondage, see line 40.

73.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE, 1772-1834.

The poet believed that he dreamed these lines, with some two hundred more. On awaking he wrote these down, but being then interrupted by a person who called on business he forgot the rest. *Kubla Khan*—the founder of the Mongol dynasty in China, in the 13th century. 1. *Xanadu*—in China, Kubla Khan's summer residence; variously spelled Xamdu, Xanadu, Xandu, Chandu, and Shandu. 2. *dome*, pavilion. 2. *decree*, cause to be built. 4. *to man*, by man. 5. *sunless sea*, subterranean lake. 11. *spots of greenery*, lawns. 12. *romantic*, mysterious. 13. *cover*, grove. 14. *savage*, wild. 14. *holy*, mystic. 16. *demon*, spirit. 19. *momently*, each moment, in gushes. 20. *burst*, jets—sing. for pl. 21. *like*, as lightly as. 23. *at once*, abruptly—the river was of great volume from its source. 28. *lifeless*—because sunless, see line 5. 30. *ancestral voices*, the voices of the spirits of the dead. 33. *measure*, rhythmic sounds. 34. *fountain, caves*—see lines 19 and 27. 35. *miracle*, wondrous object. 35. *device*, design. 41. *Mount Abora*—in Abyssinia. 42. *revive within me*, recall. 43. *symphony*, music. 44. *win me*, stir me. 45. *with music*, with the accompaniment of music. 46. *would build*, would make those who heard me plainly see—see line 48. 51. *round him*—to restrain him. 52. *with holy dread*, with dread of him for he is God-inspired. 53, 54, *honey-dew, milk of Paradise*, heavenly food—inspiring him.

74.

MATTHEW ARNOLD, 1822-1888.

Callicles—a young Greek harp-player, a character in Arnold's Sicilian drama, *Empeaoles*. 1. *smoke-bursts*—of Etna in eruption. 3. *Etna*—the volcano in Sicily. 5. *Apollo*—the Greek god of the Sun; also, and here especially, of music and poetry. 6. *haunts*, abodes. 6. *meet*, fit. 7. *Helicon*—a mountain in Greece, sacred to

Apollo and the Muses. 7, 8. *breaks down*, ends abruptly. 8. *cliff*—sing. for pl. 8. *to*, near *to*, over. 9. *inlets*, bays. 10. *voice*, sounds. 11. *Thrace*—near Mt. Helicon. 12. *speed, rejoice*—addressed to Apollo. 13. See l. 7. 21. *coming*, that in imagination I see coming—across the hills. 22. *gloom*, dim light cast by the moon. 23. *outglistening*, more bright than. 24. *broom*, gorse. 25. *breathing*, scented. 26. *out-perfumes*, is more fragrant than. 27. *enrapture*, pour forth enrapturing sounds amidst. 27. *prime*, first or early hours. 30. *choir*, band, company. 30. *Nine*, Muses—of music, poetry, and the other arts. 31. *leader*—Apollo. 33. *lost*, lost sight of. 33. *hollows*, valley. 34. *stream up*, are seen climbing in line. 35. *this mountain*—Helicon, on which the poet fancies himself standing by night. 36. *glorified train*, glorious band. 39. *Olympus*—a mountain in Greece, the abode of Zeus and all the gods. 42. *it*—the praise. 42. *told*, sung. 43. This begins the answer to the questions of lines 41, 42. 43, 44. *what will be, what was*—explained in lines 45-52. 45. *Father*, Zeus (Jupiter). 50. *with*, and. 50. *palm*, reward—a palm leaf was the reward of victory in certain competitions among the ancients.

75.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, 1792-1822.

Pan—the Greek god of woods and hills and shepherds. He was the inventor of the flute of seven reeds, and with this he sought to rival the lyre of Apollo the Sun-god and chief patron of music. but was defeated in a contest upon Mount Tmolus in Lydia, Asia Minor, the mountain-god being judge. This is the song which he sang. 2. *we*—Pan and his company. 4. *are*, become, grow. 4. *dumb*—in delighted attention. 9. *cicade*, cicada—sing. for pl. 9. *lime*, linden—sing. for pl. 11. *were*, grew. 11. *silent*—see line 4. 11. *Tmolus*—the ancient mountain. 13. *Peneus*—a river of Thessaly, in Greece. 14. *dark*—in the shades of evening. 14. *Tempè*—a valley through which the Peneus flows. 15. *Pelion*—a mt. in Thessaly, here incorrectly named for Ossa, west of Tempè. 15, 16. *outgrowing the light*, lengthening in the fading light—agreeing with 'shadow'; as the shadow grew longer the light grew fainter. 16. *dying day*, sinking sun. 17. *speeded by*, accompanied by, to the sounds of. 18. *Sileni*, *Sylrans*, *Fauns*—woodland deities. 19. *waves*, streams. 20. *to the edge*, of all the valley stretching down to the edge. 21. *and the brink*, and up the mountain-sides to the brink. 25. *dancing*, moving. 26. *dread*, wonderfully made. 27. *giant wars*—of the giants with the gods. 30. *Menalus*—a mountain of Arcadia, in Greece. 31. *madden*—Syrinx. 31. *clasped a reed*, when I caught her found her change into a reed—thus the gods saved her. 32. *deluded*—by love, which promises joy and brings pain. 33. *it*, love. 33. *breaks in*, wounds—like the reed; see the footnote to the text. 33. *bleed*, suffer agony. 34. *both ye*—Apollo and Tmolus. 35. *envy*—Apollo's. 35. *age*—Tmolus'. 35. *frozen your blood*, chilled your feelings.

76.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, *an American poet*, 1808-1892.

1. *conductor*—a railway official in charge of a train. 2. *doom*, accident. 4. *just where*—he had not flinched from the post of duty in the face of death. 4. *stood*, had stood. 5. *the utmost*—to save the train. 6. *as*, as bravely as. 8. *wreck*, mangled body. 8. *hopes or fears*, chances of surviving. 9. *his years*, his manhood. 10. *pain*, the sufferer. 11. *dead to*, careless of. 12. *for the train*—to stop it. 12. *other train*—approaching the spot. 14, 15. *ran through*, appealed to, stirred. 15. *electric*, as swift as a flash. 16. *to*, compared to. 17. *the*, our. 17. *sick-bed*, sickly, unmanly. 17. *dramas of self-consciousness*, lives in which we fancy ourselves much more important than we are—see the footnote to the text. 18. *sensual*, bodily, not worthy of the soul, ignoble. 18. *bliss*, personal welfare. 20. *failing*, fainting. 21. *freighted*—agreeing with 'train.' 23. *dead*, dying. 25. *the lost life was saved*, the hero who sacrificed his life shall live in memory. 25. *dead*, altogether gone from among us. 26. *his record*, the story of his heroism. 26. *shall tread the earth*, shall live in memory. 27. *aureole*, sign of sanctitude. 27. *as one of duty's saints or martyrs*. 28. *we bow*—humbly, when we compare ourselves with him. 28, 29. *pride of virtue*, pride in our own merits. 29. *dwarfed*, diminished. 29. *beside*—the prep. and noun are inverted. 30. *as*, as heroically as.

77.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. *the American poet*, 1807-1882.

Psalm of Life, song in praise of a life of noble effort—'psalm' means 'sacred song,' but the notion 'sacred' is here transferred and really belongs to 'life,' and the 'sacred life' of which the poet sings is 'a life of noble effort.' 1. *numbers*, verses. 2. *but an empty dream*, brief and valueless—the poet addresses the Pessimists, who consider life a useless gift and even a disadvantage. 3. *soul*, spirit, character. 3. *is dead*, dies, degenerates. 3. *slumbers*, makes no effort. 4. *things*, our lives. 4. *are not what*, are not so unimportant as. 5. *real*, of great importance to each individual. 5. *earnest*, to each of us a matter for earnest thought—as to how we utilise it, and lest we fail to utilise it. 6. *its goal*, the end of it. 7. Quoted with slight alteration from Genesis iii. 19. 7. *thou art*, the body is. 8. *the son*—which is imperishable, and influenced for ever by each moment of life. 9. *enjoyment and sorrow*, the pursuit of enjoyment and avoidance of sorrow. 10. *our destined end or way*, the true object of life—'way' means 'course.' 11. *that*, with such brave effort that. 12. *further than*, advanced beyond, better than. 13. See the footnote to the text. 15. *muffled*, softly played—we

scarcely perceive our heart-beats. 15, 16. *beating funeral marches*, marking solemnly our approach. 17. *the world's field of battle*, the opportunities of fine success in the world. 18. *the bivouac of life*, the almost ceaseless struggle of life—the phrase brings up the picture of an encampment in war, with its sudden calls for valour and high conduct. 19. *dumb*, unreasoning. 21. *trust no Future*, do not rely on expectations. 22. *the dead Past*, the past which is irrevocably gone—see the footnote to the text. 22. *bury*, conceal in oblivion. 22. *'tis dead*, past misfortunes and errors. 23. *living*, now with us. 24. *heart*, courage. 24. *o'erhead*—to help. 27. *departing*—when we die. 28. *footprints*, the traces or memory of good deeds. 28. *on the sands of time*, in the minds of men—who remember noble deeds for long generations though Time eventually obliterates all memories; the phrase suggests the sands of the shore swept by the tides of the sea at intervals. 29, 30. *another, sailing o'er life's main*, a fellow-creature struggling in life's difficulties—'sailing o'er' means here 'wrecked on.' 30. *solemn*, dangerous. 31. *forlorn and shipwrecked*, lonely and distressed. 32. *seeing*, observing—the shipwrecked sailor gladly sees on the shore signs of human habitation and is strengthened as he feels that help is nigh; the force of lofty example is similar. 32. *heart*, courage. 33. *be up and doing*, be energetic. 36. *wait*, be patient—though the reward may be long deferred.

78.

GEORGE HERBERT, 1593-1633.

1. *still*, always. 3. *himself*, his conscience. 4. *force*, threats. 4. *jauning*, flattery. 5. *unpin*, wrench, divert—from duty. 7. *loose or easy*, uncertain—the phrases used suggest the idea of a traveller's cloak. 7. *a ruffling wind*, threats. 8. *blow away*, overthrow. 8. *glittering look*, flattery—here compared with the sun's rays in a wayfarer's eyes. 8. *blind*, mislead. 9. *rides his trot*, pursues a steady course of action. 10. *the world*, the majority of men. 10. *by*, past. 10. *now rides by, now lags behind*, acts without steady purpose. 12. *nor seeks, nor shuns them*, is neither rash nor timid. 13. *example*, case. 13. *till he weigh*, till he has well considered. 14. *brought into a sum*, carefully calculated. 15. *what place or person calls for*, what is fitting according to the circumstances and the persons concerned. 15. *doth pay*, does. 16. *work, or woo*, compel or persuade. 19. *fashion*, behaviour. 20. *of one piece*, consistent. 21, 22. *melts or thaws at*, yields to. 23. *sets*, disappears, ends. 22. *can run*, continues. 24. *the sun*, the light, the presence of others. 24. *writeth laws to*, induces to act correctly. 25. *is*, is the cause of. 25. *is his sun*, is that which unceasingly regulates his thoughts and actions. 28. *allows for*, excuses. 28. *that*—their weakness. 28. *keeps his constant way*, does not let them persuade or annoy him into unjust action. 29. *defeat*, vex so as to make him retaliate. 30. *his part doth play*, he does his duty to them in full. 31. *procure*, induce. 32. *the wide world*, the majority. 32. *runs bias*, acts ill—

as a ball with a bias or weight in one side rolls crookedly. 32. *his will*, his duty—which he resolutely determines to perform. 33. *to writhe his limbs*, to divert his course—'writhe' or 'twist,' continuing the metaphor of 'runs bias.' 33. *share the ill*, follow the evil example. 33. *mend*, correct—by his example. 34. *mark-man*, marksman, man of righteous conduct—the man who acts rightly is compared to the man who shoots straight; obsolete form. 35. *prays*—for help from Heaven; for he is not boastfully self-confident.

79.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, *the American poet*,
1807-1882.

1. *but not too soon*, but is welcome—the day has been a sad one, see line 18. 3. *little*, young. 4. *sky*, sky-line, horizon. 6. *cold*, faint. 7. *watch*, portion—the word suggests the picture of an outpost guarding a sleeping camp, with which the starry heavens are compared. 7, 8. *is given to Mars*, brings Mars into sight. 10. *dreams*, romantic thoughts. 11. *tent*, sky—above Mars. 12. *a hero*—Mars was the Roman war-God. 16. *shield*, orb—here spoken of as though it were the buckler of the god. 18. *smile*, seem to smile—like some heroic but kindly captain. 18. *pain*—sorrow is compared to the weariness and hunger of the soldier. 20. *strong again*—as the soldier heartened by the heroic captain's kindly notice; the poet is affected by the beauty of the whole heavens by night, but specially mentions one of the most radiant stars. 21, 22. *no light but the cold light of stars*, none but faint hope—as in the heavens there is no light except from the stars. 23, 24. I put my trust in firmness of will—as the stars follow the lead of Mars. 25. see lines 11, 12. 25, 26. the unconquered will rises in my breast—as the star shines steadily in the heavens. 30. *psalm*, serious poem. 31. *as*, though. 33. *like this*, full of sorrows as this is. 35. *know*—redundant.

80.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH, 1819-1861.

1. *struggle*—against the evil in man's nature, both others' and one's own. 2. *wounds*, rebuffs. 3. *the enemy*, the evil. 3. *faints not*, does not grow less. 5. *hopes*, your first expectations—of the rapid improvement of the world. 5. *were dupes*, were mistaken. 5. *may be liars*, may be equally wrong. 6. *in yon smoke concealed*, striving unseen by you—the phrase suggests a scene of battle, with which the struggle is compared. 7. *your comrades*, your side, your fellow-workers. 7, 8. *chase the fliers*, possess the field, are successful—'fliers' means 'fleeing foe.' 9. *but for you*, excepting your failure, though you may have failed. 9. *tired waves*, waves of the slowly rising tide. 9. *vainly breaking*, advancing and receding. 10. *here*—where the brach is steep. 10. *no painful inch*, no

inch by all their labour. 11. *far back*, inland—the picture suggested is that of an estuary. 11. *making*, making way. 35. *in front*, eastward. 15. *climbs slow*, scarcely seems to make advance.

81.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE, 1810-1888.

Mameluke—the Mamelukes, originally Circassian slaves, were the flower of the Egyptian cavalry and became the virtual masters of the country; the French invaded Egypt in 1798 under Napoleon Bonaparte and held it till 1801; in 1811 the Mamelukes were destroyed by Mahomet Ali, the Turkish Viceroy of Egypt. In the poem a warrior addresses his comrades as the morning dawns, see line 43. 1. *courser*—sing. for pl. 2. *on*, against. 3. *plumes*—of the cavalry. 4. *iron tubes*, guns—of the infantry. 4. *glow*, glitter. 5. *throw death on death*, throw deadly balls. 10. *sires*—pronounced here as two syllables. 12. *his ire*, his spirit. 14. *horse*—sing. for pl. 14. *the rein*, a loose rein—in order to charge. 15. *their*, the foe's. 15. *close*, stand with close ranks. 16. *death-shot*, deadly cannon—sing. for pl. 19. *death-flash*—sing. for pl. 23. *track*, course. 25. *arm*, sword-arm, sword. 25. *slack*, inactive. 28. *serried lines*—as in the foemen's 'squares,' see line 15. 28. *to show*, to give us confidence so that we can show. 31. *thirst*—for battle. 31. *blood*, bloodshed. 34. *brave*, brave rather, strive rather to overcome—for it is easier than your task. 34. *wind of fire*, parching wind. 35. *beard*, beard rather, strive rather to m. ster. 35. *look of ire*, flash. 36. *drive back*, hope rather to drive back. 36. *flames*, thunder-bolts. 38. *dream not*, hope not—for it is impossible. 38. *fifes and drums*—these suggest the ordered march of disciplined forces, whose unquestioning obedience seems to the wild warrior mere servility. 39. *Arab*—sing. for pl. 40. *tides*, streams. 41. *earthquake shock*, mighty shock—the earthquake is the type of force. 42. *we stay*, we already have waited. 44. *too fast the moments fleet*, too many moments pass—they are wasted in delay. 44. *golden*, precious—they are precious because they are few, offering for a brief time only the opportunity of victory.

82.

ROBERT BROWNING, 1812-1889.

1. *Ratisbon*—in Bavaria; taken from the Austrians by Napoleon I. in 1809. 5. *you fancy*, you can imagine. 6. *arms locked*, hands clasped. 7. *prone*, overhanging, massive. 8. *'oppressive with its mind*, full of weighty thoughts. 9. *mused*, thought. 9, 10. *plans that soar*, lofty plans, great plans. 10. *to earth may fail*, may fail. 11. *let*, if. 11. *army leader*, marshal. 12. *wail*—of Ratisbon.

13. *battery-smokes*—near the wall. 17. *off there flung*, dismounted—‘there’ is a pronoun and redundant here. 19. *by just*, supporting himself only by—in spite of the anguish of his wound. 20. *hardly*—because of his self-control. 20. *suspect*—his wound; the construction is broken off here and a new beginning made in line 23. 24. *all but*, almost. 27. *Marshal*—Lannes. 29. *flag-bird*, imperial ensign with its eagle. 29. *flap his vans*, wave—‘vans’ means ‘wings.’ 30. *to*, according to. 30. *heart’s desire*, my heart’s desire, my earnest desire. 31. *perched him*, fixed it. 31. *flashed*—with joy. 31, 32. *his plans soared up again like fire*, plans of further triumphs arose in brilliant succession in his brain. 34. *sheathes*, covers, softens the expression of—governing ‘eye.’ 36. *breathes*, breathes painfully, gasps in pain. 37, 38. *(his) pride touched*—an absolute construction, ‘(his) pride being touched.’ 38. *touched to the quick*, stirred deeply—the boyish soldier was rightly proud that his devotion was not one of words but was proved to the utmost. 39. *his chief beside*—an inversion. 40. *smiling*—he rejoiced that Napoleon knew his love.

83.

THOMAS CAMPBELL, a Scottish poet, 1777-1844.

This poem was first published in 1809 during the war between Great Britain and Napoleon I. 3. *braved*, been borne victoriously through. 4. *battle, breeze*—sings. for pls. 4. *breeze*, storm. 5. *launch*, send out to sea, unfurl at sea. 6. *match*, meet. 6. *another foe*—the fleets of France. 12. *start*, rise—to watch your fight. 13. *it*—redundant. 15. *Blake*—Cromwell’s great admiral. 15. *fell*, died. 16. *glow*—with resolve to dare as greatly. 22. *th. steep*, its cliffs—no towers are needed there because the shore is not the frontier of the realm, see lines 23. 24. 23. *march*, step. 24. *home*, realm. 25. *oak*, ships. 26. *quells the floods*, holds dominion on the sea. 26. *below*—below the blaze of the cannon. 27. *on*, against. 31. *meteor*, meteor-like, streaming like a blazing star on high. 32. *shall burn terrific*, shall bring terror in its train—‘burn’ means ‘blaze’ or ‘stream.’ 33. *danger’s troubled night*, danger and trouble like the night. 34. *the star of peace*, peace as welcome as the morning-star. 36. *song*—sing. for pl. 36. *feast*, wine—in toasts.

84.

CHARLES WOLFE, an Irish writer, 1791-1823.

Corunna—on the North-West coast of Spain. At the opening of the Peninsular War, Sir John Moore was compelled to retreat with his small force before the French along the North of Spain for some 250 miles to Corunna, where he hoped to embark his army. The ships arrived too late by three days and he was overtaken and

attacked by the French, but he succeeded in beating the enemy and embarking his troops, though at the cost of his own life, January 16th, 1809. 1. *not a drum*—the utmost haste was necessary. 1. *note*—of drum or fife. 2. *rampart*—of the citadel of Corunna where he was buried. 6. *sods*, earth. 9. *useless*—because perishable; the word suggests that pomp and ceremony are of this world and of little import to the spirit. 9. *his breast*, the hero's body. 14. *not a word*—for utter grief is silent. 16. *thought*—see line 17. 17. *low*, grave. 18. *his lonely pillow*, the soil. 19. *stranger*—sing. for pl.; the chivalrous French General, Ney, gave him funeral honours. 20. *billow*, sea—sing. for pl. 21. *they*—the English at home. 21. *spirit*, hero. 22. *o'er his cold ashes*, though he died for them—'ashes' means 'body.' 22. *upbraid him*—for his retreat. 23. *reck*, care. 24. *a Briton*—sing. for pl. 25. *but*, only. 25. *heavy*, sad. 27. *gun* sing. for pl. 30. *fame*, victory. 30. *fresh*, and *gory*, newly come with mortal wounds—or, perhaps, these adjs. agree with 'field', in which case 'from' means 'brought from'.

85.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE, 1810-1888.

Return—from the Crimean War. *Guards*—certain infantry and cavalry regiments forming the royal bodyguard. 2. *the many*, the greater number, many—of those who were in the Guards when the troops sailed for the Crimea in 1854. 2. *the few*, the smaller number, few. 3. *clothed with*, bearing. 3. *name*—"Guards." 3. *in rain the same*, which, though the same, does not comprise the same men—as when the Guards left England for the front; the great battles were fought and the severest hardships endured in the earlier part of the war, and the heavy losses incurred by regiments therein were replaced by later drafts. 6. *of late*, not long ago—when the troops started. 7. *that red storm*, the crowd of red-coats. 7. *form*—their ranks. 9. *first*, first sent. 10. *life*, vigour. 10. *like the sea* itself in power. 12. *how*, with what loss. 12. *calls it back*, does it retire. 13. *steps*, feet, men. 13. *Alma*—Sept. 20, 1854. 14. *wake but faint echoes*, are few. 14. *echoes*, sounds—of foot-steps. 15. *we sent*, of the regiments that we sent. 16. *other*—see lines 2, 3. 17. *banner*—sing. for pl. 18. *onsets*, charges. 20. *head*, soldier. 21. *hushed*, soft—heard only by the imagination. 21. *from the earth beneath us*, from the regions of the dead. 23. *heart*, love. 24. *those*—the dead. 25. *not only these*, not only those who have returned—the dead also have peace. 31. *beat*, sound. 31. *feet*—of those who died at Alma. 33. *change*—from the sound of battle. 35. *rank*—of the slain. 36. *that other march*—of hero-spirits. 37. *regions*—of the air. 38. *iron*, martial. 39. *voices old*—of the spirits of ancient heroes watching them. 43. *swept*—pt. part. agreeing with 'bars' and 'gates.' 43. *track*, line of march. 46. *they*—the voices. 47. *flame*, glory. 47. *tame*, diminish. 48. *stars of honour*, heroes—the

noblest in the lists of honour are compared to the stars of the heavens. 48. *shine*, live in fame. 51. *outflung*—pt. part. agreeing with 'plaudits.' 51. *grim*, warlike. 54. *the self-devoted*, those who willingly gave up their lives—in the charge of the six hundred at Balaclava, Oct. 25, 1854. 55. *rushed to die*, desperately charged. 55. *reply*, question, hesitation. 57. *place*—in the Hall. 59. *men*—Spartans. 59. *the Grecian glen*—the Pass of Thermopylae, where the Spartan king, Leonidas, led the whole band to heroic death fighting against the Persian invaders under Xerxes, B.C. 480. 63. *crown*, honour. 64. *brethren*—the dead of Balaclava. 65. *solemn portal*, gates of that august Hall. 66. *floats*, sends forth images that float upon the air. 67. *living*, lively, eager. 69. *those*—the dead. 69. *Inkerman*—Nov. 5, 1854. 70. *made good*, stood firm in. 72. *lay*—dead or wounded. 72. *stood*—resisting the assaults of the Russians who greatly outnumbered them. 73. *cheered*, applauded. 73. *millions*—the brave dead of all ages and countries. 75. *the eye*, an observer. 78. *road*—by which the Hall was approached. 79. *tossed*, uselessly exposed—by bad organisation of supplies. 80. *streams of rain*, crowds of wasted lives. 80. *flowed*, approached. 84. *came*—to the Hall of Heroes. 85. *sullen*, wintry—the word suggests a surly face, with which the bleak and wintry scene is compared. 86. *sunk*, passed in death. 87. *murmurs*—of wrath at the bad organisation and mismanagement. 88. *through*, through the ranks of. 89. *glided o'er*, swept through. 91. *drift*, are blown. 91. *breathe, blow*—as they are borne by the wind. 94. and the Hall grew dark—compare line 78. 95, 96. *hear fall*, witness the defeat of. 96. *Lion banner*, British banner. 97. *unstained*, undisgraced by defeat. 97. *banner*—the flag stands for the power of Britain. 101. *marching*—as spirits; with the returning regiments that they loved. 103. *deep, sea*. 104. *Euxine*, Black Sea.

86.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, 1770-1850.

1, 2. *a very shower of beauty*, beauty bountifully bestowed—the word 'shower' suggests that which is bountifully given. 2. *is thy earthly dower*, 'was given you at your birth. 3. *consenting*, sweetly succeeding—or, perhaps, each favouring the growth of the child's beauty. 3. *shed*, conferred. 4. *thy head*, you. 5. *household lawn*, expanse of grass beside your cottage. 6. *a veil*, like a veil—hiding the cottage. 8. *lake*—Loch Lomond. 9. *road*—in apposition to 'bay.' 9, 10. *a quiet road that holds in shelter*, by which is noiselessly approached. 12. *fashion'd in a dream*, unreal—because so beautiful. 13. *from their covert peep*, are seen but rarely—they are compared to shy woodland creatures. 14. *are laid asleep*, are forgotten by us in sleep. 16. *common*, earthly.

17. *vision as thou art*, though you are so lovely as to seem scarcely real. 18. *a human heart*, a real affection—the word ‘human’ is in contrast with ‘visionary’ (unreal) implied in the noun ‘vision.’ 20. *peers*, companions. 20. *tears*—of tender affection. 24. *mien*, demeanour. 27. *ripening*, maturing. 28. *scatter’d*, placed—as seed is scattered. 32. *thou wear’st*, you show. 32. *upon thy forehead*, in your eyes. 33. *freedom*, free spirit. 35. *human kindness*, kindness felt for others. 35. *bred*, caused. 36. *sways*, guides. 37. *about thee plays*, is visible in all your behaviour—‘plays’ suggests radiant moving light, with which seemliness of behaviour is compared. 38. *spring*, arises. 39. *visiting*, approach. 40. *reach*, power of expression. 41. *English*—the native tongue of the Highland girl was Gaelic. 42. *bondage*, difficulty—restraining the expression of her thoughts. 42. *brook’d*, endured, encountered. 42. *strife*, endeavour to find words. 43. *life*, animation. 46. *beating up*, flying with difficulty—as the child struggled with the difficulties of a foreign tongue. 47. *would*, would wish to. 47. *a garland ev’l*, find praises praises are compared to flowers. 54. *more like a*, more suitable to. 55. *a ware*—seen once and then no more. 57. *claim upon thee*, relationship giving me a claim upon your kindly thoughts. 58. *of common neighbourhood*, of being your neighbour. 62. *of*, out of. 65. *my recompense*, a compensation for its close—the memory of a lovely scene. 67. *hath eyes*, can see—in absence, or cause us so to see. 68. *stir*, go. 69. *was made for her*, is perfect in its loveliness as she is hers. 70. *to give*, and will give me. 70. *like the past*, like this—which is almost ‘past’ as he is leaving. 72. *pleas’d at heart*, deeply pleas’d—by this day’s spectacle. 78. *spirit*, central figure—seeming to influence them all benignly.

87.

1. *a phantom of delight*, so lovely as to seem unreal. 2. *she gleam’d upon my sight*, I saw her in her beauty. 3. *apparition*—see line 1. 4. *a moment’s ornament*, a lovely light for one moment. 7. *all things else about her*, all her movements and demeanour—see line 9. 7, 8. *drawn from*, resembling. 9. *dancing*, gracefully restless. 9. *image*, form, figure. 10. *to haunt*, to startle, fit for a spirit of the springtide which might dwell in the woods and laughingly startle wayfarers. 11. *nearer*, longer and more careful. 12. *spirit*, gay and bright young being. 12. *yet a woman*, yet womanly. 13. *household motions*, demeanour in her home—her parents’ house. 14. *steps*, carriage. 14. *of virgin liberty*, free yet modest. 15. *did meet*, were equally seen. 16. *sweet records*, signs of a sweet past. 16. *promises*—of a future. 17. *bright*, ethereal, angelic—see lines 1, 3, and 30. 18. *human nature’s daily food*, a woman’s daily round—our characters develop by each day’s experience as our bodies by food. 19. *wiles*, persuasive ways. 21. *now*—in marriage. 21. *with eye serene*, with deep content. 22. *the very pulse of the machine*, the inmost thoughts that move her mind. 22. *pulse*, vital action, inmost

NOTES.

movement. 22. *the machine*, her complex nature. 23. *breathing thoughtful breath*, inherently contemplative—thoughtfulness was as natural to her as breathing. 24. *a traveller*, with the constant sense of being a traveller. 24. *traveller between life and death*, mortal drawing ever nearer to death. 25. *she*, her. 27. *nobly, planned*, nobly endowed by Heaven. 28. *to warn*, able to help by warning—against unwise courses. 28. *command*—her household. 29. *yet*—in spite of worldly cares. 29. *a spirit*, a being akin to Heaven. 29. *bright*, beautiful—or, perhaps, cheerful. 30. *light*, loveliness—or serenity.

88.

SIR HENRY WOTTON, 1568-1639.

1. *is born and taught*, is by nature and education. 3. *armour*, safeguard. 4. *his utmost skill*, the only defence on which he relies—'skill' after the word 'armour' suggests the idea of 'defensive swordsmanship,' to which truthfulness is compared because it is a protection. 5. *not his masters are*, are mastered by him. 6. *still*, ever. 7. *untied unto*, not devotedly attached to. 7. *she*, this. 8. *breath*, reputation—repute is a matter of words, which are but breath. 11. *how wounds are given*, how to give wounds. 11. *praise*, blame deceitfully disguised as praise. 12. *nor rules*, and who never understood or used rules. 12. *state*, statecraft, craft. 13. *hath his life from rumours freed*, has freed himself from the fear of gossip—doing what he thinks right though his neighbours disagree and blame him. 14. *strong retreat*, sufficient support. 15. *state*, estate, wealth. 15. *can neither flatterers feed*, is not sufficient to attract flatterers. 16. *nor ruin*, nor can his ruin. 16. *make great*, enrich—he himself having little wealth his ruin can make none rich and no one is tempted to ruin him. 18. *His grace*, spiritual merit. 18. *gifts*, worldly prosperity. 18. *lend*, give. 19. *entertains*, passes. 19. *the day*, his days. 21. *bands*, bondage—worldly hope and fear are called 'bands' because they impede a man's spiritual progress. 22. *rise, fall*—from a worldly point of view. 23. *lord of himself*, able to rule his desires. 23. *not of*, not a lord of. 24. *nothing*, little—from a worldling's point of view. 24. *all*, all that a man truly needs.

89.

SIR EDWARD DYER, 1540 ?-1607.

1. *to me a kingdom is*, supplies me with all that I want—see lines 10-12. 3. *earthly*, worldly. 4. *world*, the world, wealth and power. 4. *grows by kind*, comes without training—'by kind' means 'by its own kind or nature'; obsolete. 5. *want*, lack, am without. 5. *what*, that. 6. *crave*, covet. 7. *this*, contentment. 7. *stay*, moral support, comfort. 9. *press*, desire. 9. *bear sway*, exercise

power. 10. *supplies*—because it brings him contentment with what he has, which is as good as ‘‘supplying what he has not. 12. *that*, what. 13. *surfeits*, surfeits the rich. 14. *hasty climber*, ambitious men. 15. *sit aloft*, occupy prominent positions. 17. *get, keep*—riches and power. 17. *fear*, constant watchfulness. 19. *laugh*—hoping to profit by his loss. 21. *wave*, troubles—the troublesome world is compared to a stormy sea. 21. *toss*, disturb. 22. *brook*, endure—without discontent. 22. *that*, what. 22. *is another’s pain*, would be a cause of grief to anyone less resigned. 23. *friend*, man—whether friend or foe; ‘friend’ used here suggests that we quarrel as often with our friends as with our enemies. 24. *dread no death*, do not dread death. 24. *end*, parting with this life. 25. *crave*, desire more. 27. *poor*—because unsatisfied. 29. *beg*, strive to acquire more. 30. *lack*, covet more possessions. 30. *pine*, have not enough. 30. *live*, have plenty. 31. *wish*, wish for. 31. *at will*, when I need it. 33. *the plain*, a lowly life. 33. *hill*, ambitious course. 34. *storm*, troubles. 34. *sit on shore*, am safe. 36. *lost again*—after death. 37. *like*, equal to.

90.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, 1774-1843.

1. *the dead*, books—of dead authors. 3. *casual*—this is ‘cast’ rendered an adv. and transferred to the verb ‘cast.’ 4. *minds*, writers. 7. *in weal*, when it is well with me. 8. *in woe*, when I am sad. 9. *while*, at times when. 9. *understand*, vividly perceive. 13. *the dead*, past generations. 14. *live*, seem to live—s interesting is the past that it seems present as he reads. 15. *their virtues*, the virtues of past generations. 16. *partake*, share in, sympathise with. 17. *lessons*, examples. 19. *are with the dead*, are no longer concerned with this life—for he is old. 20. *will be with them*, will be in the number of the dead. 21. *travel on*, abide—time moves on, so all that abide in time are travellers. 24. *perish in the dust*, be quite forgotten.

91.

THOMAS GRAY, 1716-1771.

1. *golden*, sunny. 2. *dew*, masses over the dewy land. 2. *dew-bespangled*, wet with bright dew. 2. *wing*—sing. for pl. 3. *vermilion cheek*, bright sunshine—sing. for pl.; ‘vermeil’ means ‘vermilion.’ 3. *whisper*, breezes—sing. for pl. 4. *woos*, leads on, brings in. 4. *tardy*, late. 5. *April*—spring. 5. *starts*, comes suddenly. 5. *calls around*, draws forth. 6. *sleeping*, hidden. 7. *living*, verdant—the life is that of the herbs and flowers. 8. *scatters*, spreads. 9. *dance*, frolic. 11. *trance*, silence. 12. *his*

—April's, spring's. 16. *melts*, disappears. 16. *liquid light*, the radiant sky—the phrase suggests a vision of the sea, to which the clear blue heavens are compared. 17, 18. *the sullen year*: saw, we saw in dreary weather. 18. *fly*, blow, blowing. 19. *music of the air*, song of the birds. 20. *herd*—sing. for pl. 20. *by*, aside, still. 22. *know*, are modified by knowledge or thoughts of. 23. *joy*—obj. of 'descries.' 23. *descries*, discerns. 24. in the future and in the past. 25. *smiles*, compensations. 25. *on past misfortune's brow*, in past misfortunes. 26. *soft*, consoling. 26. *reflection*—the 'reverted eyes' in line 24. 26. *hand*, power. 26, 27. *trace*, *throw*—the images or pictures drawn by the mind are suggested. 27. *the cheek*, the image, memories—sing. for pl. 27, 28. *throw grace o'er*, find beauty in. 29. *hope*—the 'forward eyes' in line 24. 29. *hour*—sing. for pl. 30. *shades*, troubles—obj. to 'gilds,' of which 'hope' is the subj. 30. *dimly low*, threaten—the phrase suggests the idea of dark storm-clouds. 31. *blacken*, increase. 31. *way*, course, life. 32. *gilds*, mitigates—hope is compared to a ray of sunshine. 32. *a gleam of day*, the expectation of relief—'day' means 'sunshine.' 32. *distant*, approaching. 21-32. These lines are parenthetical; the earlier and later stanzas show that the mingling of joy and sorrow in this life is natural and desirable. 33. *rosy*, joyous. 33. *leads*, leads the way, comes. 34. *pursue*, follow. 37. *hues*, bright hues, joys. 37. *more brightly glow*, seem greater. 38. *chastised by*, when compared with. 38. *sabler tints*, wretchedness. 39. *blended*—pt. part. agreeing with 'hues' and 'tints' which are subjs. to the verb 'form.' 39. *with artful strife*, by their proper contrast. 40. It is implied that varied experience is as necessary to a fully developed character as due combinations of colours are to a vigorous and pleasing painting; see the footnote to the text. 41. *wretch*, sufferer. 42. *thorny*, restless. 43. *repair*, regain. 46. *swells the gale*, is borne by the breeze. 48. *are*, seem as heavenly as. 48. *opening*—agreeing with 'Paradise.'

92.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI, 1830-1894.

Up-hill—life is represented as a day-long journey along a road winding continually up-hill. The poem is apparently a dialogue, consisting of alternate questions and answers, each occupying one line; but the questions are asked and the answers given by the same person, and form really a series of thoughts on the labours of life and the certainty of death. 1. *the road*, life. 2. *wind up-hill*, require effort. 3. *the day's journey*, the struggle, effort. 3. *take*, occupy. 6. *day*, time—of life. 5. *for the night*, for me after my labours. 6. *a roof*, shelter, you will find shelter—the grave. 6. *dark hours*—after this life. 7. can I fail to find it? 8. *inn*, resting-place—the grave. 9. *other wayfarers*, any comrades. 9. *at night*, after my labours. 10. *gone*, died. 11. shall I find any

difficulty in gaining admission? 11. *in sight*—of the resting place
 12. you will be admitted swiftly. 12. *that door*—the grave
 13. *travel-sore*, weary. 14. *sum*, end—or, perhaps, compensation.
 15, 16, *beds*, room.

93.

Mother Country, the final home, heaven. 5. *mine own*, my final.
 7, 8. Concrete symbols of its beauties. 11. *starve*, live an imperfect
 life—the world rarely nourishes to any fulness the divine characteristics
 of men's souls. 12. *dwarf'd and poor*, with their spiritual
 natures undeveloped. 15. *thins*, chooses from among. 15. *dancers*,
 thoughtless throng. 16. in the midst of their enjoyments.
 19. *together*, equally. 20. in the grave. 33. *that life*, the after-life
 of the soul. 33. *is life*, is real or everlasting life. 34. *a breath*,
 momentary, transient. 35. *the passage*, as brief as the passage.
 36. *shadow*, image, likeness—or, darkness, joylessness; 'the shadow
 of death' is a Biblical phrase; see the footnote to the text. 37. *but*,
 only. 37. *rain*, void empty—the classical sense of the word; see
 the footnote to the text. 39. void of all lasting joy—literally, the
 emptiest of empty things. 40. *the Preacher*—see Ecclesiastes, i, 1-2.

94.

JAMES SHIRLEY, 1596-1666.

1. *our blood*, high birth. 1. *state*, great position. 2. *are
 shadows*, are fleeting. 3. *armour*, protection. 3. *fate*—death. 5.
 monarchs. 6. *tumble down*, perish. 7. *the dust*, the grave. 8. *the
 crooked scythe and spade*, peasants. 9. *reap the field*, win victories.
 10. *plant fresh laurels*, gain new honours—a wreath of laurel was an
 emblem of victory among the ancients. 10. *nerres*, muscles, arms.
 11. *yield*—to death. 12. *tame*, conquer. 12. *but*, only. 14. *stoop*,
 yield. 17. *the garlands*, such honours gained for violent deeds—
 contrast lines 23-24. 17. *wither on your brow*, are quickly forgotten.
 19. *upon Death's purple altar*, in death which all must suffer—
 'purple' means 'blood-stained.' 20. *victor-victim*, dying conqueror.
 20. *bleeds*, lies—at last. 24. *smell sweet and blossom*, bring honour
 that lasts—contrast 'wither' in line 17. 24. *in their dust*, after
 their deaths—'their' refers to 'the just.'

95.

ALFRED TENNYSON, afterwards LORD TENNYSON, 1809-1892.

The Bar, the barrier between life and death—life is compared to
 a harbour, with its narrow space of familiar waters, and the life after

death to the vast expanse of ocean outside. 1. *sunset, star*, the close of life—the poet wrote this poem in his old age. 1. Some such words as ‘Now I draw near the time of’ should be supplied at the beginning. 2. *one clear call*, inevitable death—the phrase suggests, Death as a person, or One greater than Death, summoning the soul. 3. *moaning of the bar*, troubled feelings, fears—a sound of waves on the harbour-bar is a sign of coming storm, and therefore causes anxiety in the fishermen who must sail out, and in their families; the ocean here represents Infinite Time, but the storms and calms, tides and currents, are rather in the human heart that observes the waters with agitation or calmness than in the endless succession of events in Infinity. 4. *put out to sea*, depart in death. 5. *such a tide as*, a calm feeling which. 5. *moving seems asleep*, moves restfully, accompanies peace of mind—as the gentle movement of waves rocks and soothes. 6. *full*, deep, profound—a full tide naturally makes the passage over the bar easier. 6. *sound and foam*, doubts and fears. 7. *that*—the soul. 7. *drew*, came. 7. *the deep*, infinitude, the unknown. 8. *turns home*, returns to infinitude. 9. *twilight*—see line 1. 9. *bell*, chimes—sing. for pl. 10. *dark*, unknown. 11. *of farewell*, in parting. 12. *embark*—see line 4. 13. *bourne*, region—this world; see the footnote to the text. 13. *of Time and Place*, of limitations, of the finite—sings. for pls.; this world is contrasted with a region of Infinity entered after death; there, if all limitations disappear, the distinctions between all times must vanish, as also between all places, and the words ‘time’ and ‘place’ will be meaningless. 14. *the flood*, the ocean, life after death. 15. *Pilot*, divine.

96.

JOSEPH ADDISON, 1672-1719.

3. *frame*, structure, fabric. 4. *their great original*, the greatness of their origin. 4. *proclaim*, are evidence of. 6. *his*, its. 6. *power*—from which its own astounding powers are derived. 6. *display*, make manifest. 7, 8. *publishes the work*, shows itself to be the work—by its marvellous qualities. 10. *takes up the tale*, brings further proof. 12. *repeats*, shows—by its glory. 12. *the story of her birth*, the power of its Maker. 15. *tidings*, evidence. 18. *dark*—it is night. 19. *real*, actual, audible. 21. *in Reason's ear*, to thoughtful men. 21. *they rejoice*, it is clear that they rejoice or bring tidings at which we can rejoice—the joy is ours. 22. *voice*—see ‘tale’ in line 10, and ‘tidings’ in line 15. 23. *singing*—see ‘proclaim’ in line 4, ‘display’ in line 6, and ‘publishes’ in line 7.

97.

PHILIP SKELTON, 1707-1787.

1. *choir above*, band of heavenly beings—see lines 5-24. 5. *who*—relative to ‘Him.’ 7. *seem*—by comparison. 10. *song*—of praise.

1st. *prolong*—pres. imperat agreeing with 'ye' (understood).
 14. *travelling ray*—to pass from one spot to another light like every-
 thing else takes time, long or short according to the distance
 covered, and the poet here imagines stars at such a distance from
 the earth that their light travelling thither for ages has not yet
 arrived. 15. *through ages*, though journeying for ages. 17. *assist*
 —the song. 18. *on wings*, in your flight. 22. *vate, y*, stormy.
 22. *cloud*—sing. for pl. 23, 24. *thunder aloud*, show clearly—by the
 terrible force of Nature. 24. *words*, rule, power. 28. *azure plain*,
 blue sky. 34. *narrow*—as they seem to us. 34. *sides*, space.
 35. *cast*—to them.

98.

WILLIAM BLAKE, 1757-1827.

1. *burning*, gleaming. 2. *of*, in. 3. *hand or eye*, maker
 —sings. for pls 4. *could frame*, framed. 4. *symmetry*, form.
 5. *deeps*—the firmament below the earth. 6. *of thine eyes*, that was
 put into your eyes. 7, 8, 10, 12, 13, 14, 15—the questions may be
 answered thus: wings, hand, shoulder, art, hammer, chain, fur-
 nace, anvil, and grasp, all terrible to think of on account of their
 awful power and force. 7. *he*—the maker. 7. *aspire*, fly aloft or
 to those depths. 8. *seize*—to make those eyes. 9. *shoulder*, force
 —sing. for pl. 10. *twist*—in making the heart. 12. *hand*—sing. for
 pl. 12. *formed*, dared to form. 13, 14, 15, *hammer, chain, furnace,*
anvil—for making the fiery or cruel brain of the tiger. 14. *was*,
 was moulded. 16. *clasp*, handle in the making. 17. *throw down*
their spears, were obscured—with horror at the monster thus
 created; the lights of the stars are here depicted as gleaming from
 the spear-heads of a celestial army itself unseen from earth.
 18. *watered heaven with their tears*, lay hidden behind clouds of
 rain—in grief for man. 19, 20. *He*—stressed. 19. *smile*, rejoice.
 20. *thee*—the tiger.

99.

ALFRED TENNYSON. *afterwards* LORD TENNYSON, 1809-1892.

4. *but*, but small and lowly though you are. 5. *what you are root*
and all, what is this life of yours and the matter that sustains it.
 5. *all in all*, thoroughly. 6. *what God and man is*—for all life is one
 or akin, even in the created and the Creator; notice the singular 'is.'

100.

BLANCO WHITE, 1775-1841.

2. *report*—during the course of the first day of Adam's life.
 2. *divine*—agreeing with 'report.' 3. *tremble*—hearing that night

chased away the daylight. 3. *frame*—the sun-lit sky. 5. 'neath a
 curtain of dew, seen through the atmosphere filled with dew—the
 evening atmosphere dim with moisture is spoken of as a curtain.
 6. *bathed in the rays*, beyond the rays—'bathed' seems best taken
 as agreeing with 'curtain' and so meaning 'dyed.' 6. *flame*, sun.
 7. *Hesperus*—the evening star. 7. *the host*, the later stars. 9. *such*
darkness, such heavenly views by night. 10. *within*, behind. 10.
find, guess. 11. Sings. for pls. 13. *shun*—compare 'treufole' in
 line 3. 13. *strife*, efforts. 14. *deceive*—by hiding from us heavenly
 beauties greater than its own. 14. *not*, cannot, may not.

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